AN EASY METHOD OF MEDITATION.

REV

F. X. SCHOUPPE, S.J.

Method of Meditation.

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OF

MEDITATION

OR

Practical Explanation of the Second Manner of Prayer of St. Ignatius.

BY

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PREFACE.

THIS little book was written in French, and published in Brussels, with the *imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin. Its author is Father Francis Xavier Schouppe, a distinguished theologian of our Society of the Belgian Province. The study of theology has often brought with it the gift of piety; and Father Schouppe, in the intervals of his graver labours, has thought it might be a help to some weaker souls, piously inclined, if he were to explain in simple detail the second manner of prayer of our holy father, St. Ignatius.

This method of prayer is an example of the prudent consideration and desire to suit himself to all minds for which that great saint was noted. There is nothing so strongly inculcated as the necessity of meditation for those who would fain make progress in spiritual life; but is it not a matter of settled experience that many—perhaps a great number—are deterred by the difficulties that must arise, and fail to find a facility in its practice? Then, too, there are times when even those who succeed best are in so wearied or distracted a state of mind as not to be able for the sustained effort of an elaborate prayer. F. Schouppe's little book would seem to show to us a simple and easy remedy. Thoughts are suggested to us, and seem to grow out of the words; feelings, so to say, are made to our hand, and, under his pious and skilful guidance, it seems a matter within the reach of all to spend that

holy morning time (*ad Te de luce vigilo*) alone with God, which is the great end of prayer; and lay up in the mind and in the heart that store of charity, calmness, and strength which is to abide during the day.

Then, again, this "Second Manner of Prayer" is eminently useful for another purpose, which, no doubt, was in the mind of our holy father, St. Ignatius, when he invented it, viz., the improving of our vocal prayers. A great deal of the graces on which we depend must come from those prayers, which we all have to recite. It is, indeed, of the first importance that we should say them with reverence and feeling. Take, for instance, that most perfect of all prayers, the *Pater Noster*, which our Lord Himself has taught us, and which the Church has enshrined in the holiest place of her Great Sacrifice; it is impossible to read over the simple and r

explanations of each word without discovering, so to say, a new mine of devotion, and experiencing a desire to dwell with awakened feeling on each petition of the Lord's Prayer.

I will give one example: it is the last of those many illustrations culled from the Scripture and from the Fathers, which the author places before us under the heading of that one word, Our Father: "Ah! if all men would recognise God for their Father, and form under his obedience one great family, what happiness there would be! And yet that is the ideal of this world, the plan which was in the mind of God."

The same may be said in proportion of the *Anima Christi* and the other prayers named by our holy father, and only named by him as examples. In no other way could we improve our vocal prayers more than by making a

meditation on them from time to time, according to the "Second Manner of Prayer."

I commend, then, this little book to the pious attention of the faithful, and I pray that all the good may come from it which was in the holy thought of the translator, when she offered her work as a homage of devotion to St. Ignatius.

ALFRED MURPHY, S.J.

Upper Gardiner-street, Dublin,
June 21, 1883.

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INTRODUCTION.

Amongst all the methods of meditation on mental prayer taught by the masters of the spiritual life, one of the easiest and most practical, undoubtedly, is that proposed by St. Ignatius in the book of spiritual exercises, under the title of the *Second Manner of Prayer*.

"The second manner of praying," says the holy Author, "consists in weighing attentively the signification of each word of a prayer used by the Church, in order to extract from it all the thoughts and sentiments contained therein.

"Before commencing to pray, we must tranquillise the mind a little, to recollect ourselves, either sitting or walking, as may appear more advantageous; and we must consider attentively where we are going, and what we are going to do.

"In a preparatory prayer, made to the person to whom the prayer we are going to meditate addressed, we must ask light to understand t

prayer, and the different words of which it is composed, in order to gather fruit for our soul.

"After these preparations, kneeling or sitting, according to the disposition of the body and the attraction of the soul, with eyes closed, or fixed on one spot, without letting them wander from side to side, we shall say the first word of the *Pater Noster*, and ponder on this word as long as we find significations, comparisons, relish, and interior consolation in the consideration of the word *Father*. We shall do the same on each word of the Lord's Prayer, or any other prayer on which we wish to meditate after this manner of praying."

In effect, as all the words of the Holy Scriptures have been dictated by the Holy Ghost, all contain a mysterious meaning, worthy of being weighed; in the same way the Church, being governed by the same Spirit, never utters a word which does not contain some spiritual nourishment.

First Rule.—We shall employ an hour in meditating the Lord's Prayer after this manner; and having concluded, we shall recite, either vocally or mentally, in the ordinary manner, that is to say without pausing, the *Hail Mary*, the

Apostles' Creed, the prayer *Anima Christi*, and the *Salve Regina*.

Second Rule.—If one or two words should happen to furnish, even during the whole hour, sufficient matter for reflection, and that we find relish and spiritual consolation in meditating them, we need not be anxious to pass beyond; but, the hour over, we shall recite the rest of the Lord's Prayer after the ordinary manner.

Third Rule.—Supposing that we have remained an entire hour dwelling on one or two words of the Lord's Prayer, the following day, when we wish to take up the same prayer again, we shall repeat the word or words we have already meditated after the ordinary manner; then we shall commence to reflect on that which follows next, as has been said in the second rule.

"*First Remark.*—After having finished in one or several days the Lord's Prayer, we shall meditate, according to the same method, the Angelical Salutation, and then the other prayers, so that we shall continue this exercise during some time without interruption.

"*Second Remark.*—At the end of the prayer, we shall address the person to whom we have been praying, asking in a few words the

virtues or graces of which we feel the greatest need."

Such is the second manner of prayer of St. Ignatius: it consists, in short, of recollecting ourselves before God, and considering successively the different words of the Lord's Prayer, or of another prayer, to gather from them salutary thoughts and holy affections.

In order to make this second manner of praying easy to all, we shall give an explanation of the Lord's Prayer, and of the four other prayers specially indicated by St. Ignatius; and this explanation will be followed by some holy reflections suggested by the words.

METHOD OF MEDITATION.

THE "PATER NOSTER," OR LORD'S PRAYER.

The Lord's Prayer is the prayer of prayers, it is that which the only Son of God, the Incarnate Wisdom has deigned to teach us. *Thus therefore* said He (Matt. vi. 9; Luke, xi. 2), *shall you pray: Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen.* To dictate for us a form of prayer was an act worthy at the same time of the wisdom and of the goodness of a God Saviour. As He places prayer in the foremost rank amongst the means of salvation, and as He never ceases to recommend it to his disciples, He had to make easy and teach to all, learned

and ignorant, the most perfect manner of praying to God.

This divine lesson was, moreover, very necessary. To speak to God, to address words to the Supreme Majesty before whom the angels tremble, is something so great, so sublime, that it appears to be above the condition of mankind. How, indeed, prepare ourselves to speak to God? What words make use of? What language find worthy of the Most High? No man is capable of acquitting himself properly of the sublime duty of prayer. Therefore, the goodness of the Divine Master has deigned to supply for our insufficiency, and to put the words into our mouth: *This*, said He, *is the manner in which you must pray. Sic ergo vos orabitis.*

Moreover, we might be in doubt as to whether it is allowable to ask of God such or such a favour, whether He would grant such or such a request. Now, here the Son of God shows us what we can and what we ought to ask, what our Heavenly Father is always ready to grant us. Finally, the petitions of the Lord's Prayer have so wide a scope that they include all the blessings we can lawfully desire.

We have just said that the Lord's Prayer

is the prayer of prayers, that is to say, the most excellent of all prayers: it is so, indeed, not only on account of its Author, but even of itself and by reason of its intrinsic perfection.

Since it has for Author the true Son of the Eternal Father, it follows that no prayer could be more noble, more agreeable to God, more honourable to man, more worthy of being granted; so also none ought to be dearer or more familiar to us.

Considered in itself this prayer is admirable, perfect in every point, worthy, in a word, of the Eternal Wisdom which dictated it. What loftiness of thought, what simplicity of language, what a tone of filial confidence this divine prayer breathes! Conciseness of words, abundance of matter, the sweetest unction are all found united here; and, with reason, Tertullian calls it *an epitome of the Gospel.*

It is composed of a short preface and seven petitions. The three first petitions relate to God; the four others to ourselves and our wants. This order presents a striking resemblance to that observed in the Decalogue, which proposes to us likewise, first, our duties towards God, then our duties towards our neighbour. The spirit of the

same Divine Author is to be recognised in these two documents. Finally, the petitions which relate to God and to his glory tend also, though indirectly, to our own good; since the exterior glory of God is inseparable from our sanctification, which is our highest good. Reciprocally, when we ask what regards ourselves, our petition relates indirectly also to the glory of God, since the glory of God is the final term to which we and all our actions tend.

The Lord's Prayer, as St. Thomas teaches (2, 2, Q. 83, art. 9), not only contains all the things we can lawfully desire, but it expresses them according to the perfect order we ought to observe in desiring them : so that, whilst teaching us to pray, it teaches us also to regulate our desires and the affections of our hearts.

This is the explanation or rather the analysis of the divine prayer, according to the Angelic Doctor. The first petitions relate to the end of man; the others to the means by which man is to attain his end.

First. Our end is God, that is to say the glory of God, for which we are created, to which we should tend by our will. We ought to desire the glory of God—first, in itself: that is why we say

Hallowed be thy name; then in its possession, in desiring to enjoy this divine object, *Thy kingdom come*: that is beatitude, salvation.

Secondly. The means to attain this end are five in number—two are useful for salvation of themselves, and three others are so accidentally.

1. Of the two means which are useful in themselves, the first is so in a direct or principal manner, it is obedience to God, by which we merit salvation: *Thy will be done.* The second, our daily bread, is an instrumental means: it helps us, and furnishes us with strength to serve God: *Give us this day our daily bread.*

2. The three other means are useful accidentally in removing these obstacles; namely, sin, which excludes us from the kingdom of God: *Forgive us our trespasses:* temptation which renders obedience to God difficult: *Lead us not into temptation;* lastly, the evil of suffering, which, in putting an obstacle to the plenitude of life, becomes a source of temptation and of sin: *But deliver us from evil. Amen, so be it;* these words are a ratification of what precedes: they express anew the desire of obtaining all that we have asked of God.

THE WORDS OF THE "PATER NOSTER" EXPLAINED AND MEDITATED.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

Our Father. It is the Almighty, one God in three Persons, the Maker of heaven and earth, who has drawn the world from nothingness; it is He whom we call *our Father.* What! to speak to God as children to their father? Ah! if the Divine Master Himself had not commanded it, who would dare call God his *Father?* No; as the Church proclaims in the Sacrifice of the Mass it is only to obey the orders and conform ourselves to the lessons of the Son of God, our Master, that we dare to say, *Our Father who art in heaven.*

Our Father. God is our Creator, our Lord, our King, our Judge . . . but leaving aside all these glorious titles, the Saviour wishes that we should call Him by the name of Father! O goodness! O mercy! O charity! . . .

Our Father. Appellation of the New Law. Under the Old Law men were only permitted to call God by the name of *King, Lord,* and *Master, God of armies.* Since his only Son, by coming

into the world became our brother, we may alter this language, and say: *Our Father.*

Our Father. As God wills us to call Him by this name, which cannot be a vain title, He is then truly our Father, the Father of all in general, the Father of each one in particular, . . . Lord, my God, you are then my Father! . . .

Our Father. Rejoice, ye poor and humble: you are richer than princes; your Father is the King of Heaven!

Our Father. God is bountiful towards all his creatures, and his providence cares for all their wants; but for man, created to his own image, He is a Father, He has for him an èspecial providence, a paternal solicitude. *Behold*, says the Saviour, *the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they?* (Matt. vi. 26).

Our Father. God is our Father by many titles: He has given us being and life; He has made us to his own image and likeness; He has given us life a second time by the Blood of his Son shed upon the cross; He has regenerated us and adopted us for his children in the Sacrament of baptism; and, lastly, He has prepared for us an eternal inheritance in heaven.

Our Father. God is truly our Father: does He not fulfil in our regard every paternal office as no other father ever did? . . . No; there is no father like Him: *Nemo tam pater* (Tertull.) What favours! . . .

Our Father. Yes, God proves Himself truly our Father: He never ceases to love us, to provide for our wants, to teach us, to chastise us even as the best of fathers. . .

Our Father. All may and ought to employ this amiable name, even the greatest sinners. Thus, notwithstanding my faults, my miseries, my sins, God is still my Father, having for me the bowels of mercy. Is He not the Father of the Prodigal Son? . . .

Our Father. Name of love and trust. God wishes us to speak to Him with filial confidence and familiarity. *And which of you,* says Jesus Christ, *if he ask his Father bread, will He give him a stone? How much more will your Father from heaven give the good Spirit to them that ask Him?* (Luke, xi. 11, 13.)

Our Father. We are then really the children of God, and God looks upon us as such. *Behold,* says St. John, *what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be named and should be the sons of God!* . . .

Dearly beloved, we are now the sons of God; and it hath not yet appeared what we shall be. We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like to Him; because we shall see Him as He is, And every man that hath this hope in Him sanctifieth himself, as he also is holy. (1 John, iii. 1, seqq.)

Our Father. What a happiness to be able to call God my Father! What an honour to have such a Father! What greatness, what nobility to be the child of God! *O Christian, remember thy dignity; and having become by adoption a participator in the divine nature, take care of again descending, by profane conduct, to the vileness of thy first state* (St. Leo).

Our Father. If we are the children of God, we ought to act as such, and not like the children of this world. . . .

Our Father. If we are the children of God, we ought to resemble our august Father. *Be you, therefore, perfect,* says our Divine Master, *as your heavenly Father is perfect* (Matt. v. 48). *You shall be holy, because I am holy* (1 Pet. i. 16).

Our Father. If we are the children of God, we ought to fulfil in his regard all the duties of filial piety, and render to this heavenly Father love, respect, obedience, and even assistance in the person of the poor. . . .

Our Father. If we are the children of so kind a Father, we ought, above all, to prove to Him our gratitude; . . . we ought to be his joy and his crown. . . .

Our Father. God is the Father of all men: all are equally his children; all, then, rich and poor, are brothers, and ought to love one another. . . .

Our Father. We do not say *my* Father, but *our* Father, because God is the Father of all men. All, then, are equals before Him; those who are the most obedient are dearest to his Heart, even though they be the poorest in the eyes of men.

Our Father. If all men acknowledged God for their Father, and formed only one great family submissive to Him, what a happiness! This is the ideal world, the design of God, which the malice of man alone prevents being realised.

WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

Who art in heaven. Oh! the greatness of our Father: He is the King of heaven! If I may speak to Him with boundless confidence because He is my Father, I ought also to pay Him an equal respect, because He is the King of heaven, before whom the whole universe bends.

Who art in heaven. God is everywhere, but He

is in heaven in an especial manner: it is there He manifests his glory to the elect. Heaven is the mansion of his glory. . . .

Who art in heaven. God is everywhere: the entire universe is his domain. He is there present much more than any earthly king in all the extent of his dominions: *For in Him we live, and move, and have our being* (Acts, xvii. 28). Nevertheless, like the kings of this world, God has a palace, a court, a throne: *Heaven is the throne of God; the earth is his footstool.* (Matt. v. 34, 35).

Who art in heaven. Heaven is properly the abode of God: it is there He dwells with all his angels and saints, like a father with his children; it is there that He discovers to them all his treasures and makes them sharers of all his goods. . . .

Who art in heaven. Heaven is an abode of glory and happiness, and its magnificence is worthy of the great Monarch who dwells there. Its immensity and its splendour surpass all conception. If faith does not define in precise terms its situation, she points it out sufficiently not to leave us in uncertainty on the subject. "It is a truth commonly received in the church," says Suarez, "that beyond the movable heavens there exists an immovable heaven (a sphere), more noble

than the rest, very luminous and beautiful, the abode of the Blessed. It is called the empyreal heaven, the fiery heaven, because like fire, which is luminous in its nature, this corporal place is like a focus of light" (Suarez, tom. 2 de op. sex dier. i. 1, cap. 4, n. 2).

Who art in heaven. Ah! how beautiful the heaven for which I am created! *Quam sordet mihi tellus quum cœlum aspicio!* (St. Ignat.) *How vile the earth appears to me when I look up to heaven!* . . .

Who art in heaven. If our Father makes heaven his habitation, we ought to go and dwell there with Him, since children should live in their father's house.

Who art in heaven. The Divine Master makes us raise our eyes to heaven from the beginning, in order that we may see there our Father, our Mother, our brethren, and all our treasures. . . .

Who art in heaven. He makes us raise our eyes to heaven, to make us understand that there is our true country, and that we are only exiles, travellers on earth. . . .

Who art in heaven. He makes us raise our eyes to heaven to fix them on our final destiny. We are made for heaven and not for earth. . . .

Who art in heaven. He makes us raise our eyes

to heaven, that we may desire only the goods of heaven and those which lead there . . .

Who art in heaven. He makes us raise our eyes to heaven, to teach us to ask in our prayers only those things which may help us to gain heaven . . .

Who art in heaven. He makes us raise our eyes to heaven, in order that we may attach our hearts to this our true country, where is to be found solid happiness: *Ut ibi fixa sint corda ubi vera sunt gaudia* (Liturg.)

Who art in heaven. All men are called there; heaven has been opened to them by the cross of Jesus Christ. All may enter, but all do not enter . . . and those who do not enter heaven, fall into hell. *Heaven or hell,* there is no medium! Placed as I am in this alternative, ought I not at any price secure heaven and save myself from hell?

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

Hallowed be thy name: may it be known and glorified. We ask by this petition the glory of God—a glory which is the result of the holy and fitting worship paid Him by his creatures.

Thy name . . . The *name* of God stands for God Himself.

May it be hallowed, proclaimed holy: may all

men know you, O Heavenly Father, as the one true God, as *the holy God;* and may they praise you as such, singing with the seraphim: *Holy, holy, holy, the Lord, God of armies!*

Hallowed be thy name. Our Divine Master does not employ the words *glorified, adored, praised,* but *hallowed:* because sanctity is the attribute dearest to the heart of God, the one which shines with the greatest lustre, and which the heavenly court celebrates by eternal hymns of praise.

Hallowed be thy name. His sanctity is, of all his attributes, the one which God has been pleased to manifest most to men and to prepare for their imitation: *Be ye holy,* says he, *because I am holy* (Levit. xi. 44).

Hallowed be thy name: not mine, Lord, but *yours.* To God alone is due honour and glory; to man, who of himself is only nothingness and sin, belong only confusion and humiliation. *Not to us, Lord, not to us, but to you alone is due all glory.* (Ps. cxiii.)

Hallowed be thy name! This ought to be our most ardent desire; that the true God may be known and adored by all men. Then, if I am really animated by this holy desire, ought I not, above all, avoid everything that is contrary to the glory

of God, and the respect due to his holy name? Ought I not to have a horror of blasphemy, of scandal? Ought I not to make the name of the Lord glorified by every means in my power, by contributing to the Propagation of the Faith, by supporting Christian schools, by distributing good books, by patronising all works of zeal? . . .

Hallowed be thy name! If this is the desire of my heart, ought I not labour to increase in myself and others, faith, confidence in God, charity, and all that belongs to religion and religious worship? Ought I not always give a good example? *Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven* (Matt. v. 16).

Hallowed be thy name by all men, by all Christians, priests and laymen, especially by myself, who have received so many graces . . . May it be hallowed by infidels and pagans; may all, O living and true God, may all come to know and adore Thee, may all the earth intone thy praise! *Omnis terra adoret te et psallat tibi!* (Ps. lxv.)

THY KINGDOM COME.

Thy kingdom come. God reigns as a master in nature: the stars of the firmament, darkness and light, the winds and seas obey Him. This king-

dom of God, in the order of nature, exists immutable, perfect, leaving nothing to be desired. It is not the same with his kingdom in the order of grace, and in the order of glory; we ought to ask, as well for our own interest as for the glory of God, that the kingdom of his grace and his glory may come.

Thy kingdom come. The kingdom which we ask for first of all is that of glory—heaven. May thy kingdom of glory and happiness come for all men, may it come above all for me, O heavenly Father! May I one day be admitted into this beautiful paradise, where Thou reignest with all thy elect! . . .

Thy kingdom come. Oh! how glorious is this kingdom, where all the saints, who, clothed in white robes, follow the Lamb, reign in joy with Jesus Christ! . . (Liturg.)

Thy kingdom come. The kingdom of God in glory is a kingdom of peace: there all wars, all temptations, all fears will be at an end . . .

Thy kingdom come. This kingdom is a kingdom of holiness: nothing defiled can enter there. To obtain admittance all the children of Adam must first *wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb* (Apoc. vii. 14).

Thy kingdom come. This kingdom is a kingdom of glory: a throne is prepared there for the children of God. To be raised upon this throne in heaven we must humble ourselves on earth. *Amen I say to you, unless you be converted,* unless you lay aside your ambition and your pride, *and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven* (Matt. xviii. 3).

Thy kingdom come. The kingdom of God is also the kingdom of grace. May this spiritual kingdom come, may this kingdom of grace be strengthened and extended more and more by the sanctification of our souls!

Thy kingdom come. May the Holy Church, the visible kingdom of grace, be maintained, and spread more and more over the whole world, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of nations!

Thy kingdom come. May thy Holy Church be set up on the ruins of the empire of the demon, who is *the prince of this world* vanquished by Jesus Christ!

Thy kingdom come. May the Holy Church triumph over her enemies; may she subdue them by patience, charity, and truth! . . .

Thy kingdom come. The kingdom of grace is, properly speaking in souls: *The kingdom of God is within you* (Luke, xvii. 21).

Thy kingdom come. Ah! may the amiable kingdom of thy grace be established more and more in me! Reign, O Lord, as master within me: reign in my mind, in my understanding, in my heart, in my words, in all my senses! . . .

Thy kingdom come: yes, *thine*, and not that of the devil, of sin, which has only too long usurped the throne of my heart. *Let not sin, therefore, reign in your mortal body* (Rom. vi. 12).

Thy kingdom come. We must then demolish the reign of sin, of passions, of the world: . . . to establish solidly the reign of grace, we must courageously repel the attacks of the enemy who is always trying to overthrow it. *The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away* (Matt. xi. 12).

THY WILL BE DONE.

Thy will be done. The infinitely wise, infinitely holy, and adorable will of God, ought to be the rule of every created will: we ought, then, to desire, ask, pray that this divine will may be done and accomplished by all creatures.

Thy will be done. God is the Sovereign Master: it is just, then, that all should obey Him, that his [illegible] should be done in the whole universe. . .

Thy will be done. We discern in God a *declared will*, proposed to our liberty by precepts and counsels; and a *will of complacency*, which is manifested by effects, by events, independent of our will. . . We ought to obey the former, and submit to the latter.

Thy will be done. Yes, my God, may thy will which is made known to us by thy holy law, be done, and accomplished always by all men! May it be done, above all, by me! Alas! how much have I not to reproach myself with?

Thy will be done. Oh! how just it is, Lord, that your creatures should obey you by observing your commandments! Are you not the Master of the Universe? Who would dare, then, to resist your will and say to you: *I will not serve you?* Alas! is not this what all sinners do? Have I not myself been too often guilty of this audacious insolence? . . .

Thy will be done. You are my Father: should I not lovingly obey you? . . .

Thy will be done. I ought to do it by obeying my parents, and all my lawful superiors: they are, Lord, your representatives, your vicars to govern me in your name and make manifest your will to me.

Thy will be done. O holy obedience! O precious virtue, of which the Son of God has given such a striking example to the world, *becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross!* (Philip. ii. 8.)

Thy will be done. May it be fulfilled, Lord, in all things. Is it your will that I should suffer, that I should undergo the severest trials? Thy will be done! . . Is it your will that I should be humbled, afflicted, consoled, that I should live or die? . . . Thy will be done!

Thy will be done. Is not this divine will, which is infinitely wise, always paternal and kind to us, our supreme good? Where shall we find anything better in heaven or on earth than the most holy will of the great God? . . .

Thy will be done. Oh, what a beautiful short prayer, especially in time of affliction and sickness! Is it not the one which the Saviour Himself continued to repeat during his agony in the Garden of Olives? *O my Father,* said He, *if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt* (Matth. xxvi. 39).

Thy will be done: yes, Lord, *yours,* and not mine. My own will is always inclined to evil, always drawn towards the earth and vanity; aid

me to repress it, to mortify it, to claim it, to unite it to yours. . . .

They will be done. This is the compendium of all holiness, for what else does our heavenly Father will but our sanctification? *Be ye holy,* says He, *because I am holy* (Levit. xi. 14). *For this is the will of God, your sanctification* (1 Thess. iv. 3).

Thy will be done. To accomplish it well we must know it. It is necessary, then, to make ourselves acquainted with the law of God: by pious reading and meditation; by an assiduous attendance at sermons; by attention to the interior voice of God, which we call the inspirations of grace; by prayer and holy desires . . .

Thy will be done. To know and fulfil the will of God is the summary of all we must do and desire here on earth: it is the greatest blessing we can wish our best friends. St. Ignatius usually terminated his letters after this manner: *I earnestly pray God to grant you an abundant grace to know his holy will and accomplish it faithfully.*

Thy will be done. Obedience to the divine will is good order and justice; resistance to it is disorder and sin, the source of all the evils which afflict the human race: *justice raises up nations, sin casts them down* (Prov. xiv. 34).

Thy will be done. To fulfil the will of God is the foundation and the pledge of all happiness. *Israel,* says the prophet, *I am the Lord, thy God, who teach thee profitable things,. If ye had obeyed my precepts, your peace would have been as a river and your justice as the waves of the sea* (Isai. xlviii. 18).

Thy will be done. Conformity to the will of God is a source of unalterable peace. He who wills nothing but what God wills always has what he desires. If the whole world were to be thrown into disorder, he would be neither affected nor troubled, because his will is united to the will of God, always equally calm and peaceful. . . .

Thy will be done. Oh! how happy would all men be if they fulfilled perfectly the will of God! How happy should I be myself, if I had no other will than the will of God! . . . It would be heaven on earth, as the following words suggest:

ON EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

On earth, as it is in heaven. That is perfection. In heaven the angels and saints have only one heart and one soul in God, only one will with God. For our part, if we cannot attain to this perfection, we should at least aspire to it.

On earth, as it is in heaven. We ought to seek in heaven, amongst the saints, models to imitate, and not on earth, amongst worldlings. . . .

On earth, as it is in heaven. How do the angels and saints fulfil the will of God? They do it always and with the holiest affection; they never do anything displeasing to God; they only will what God wills, namely, the salvation of souls; *for God*, says the Apostle, *will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth* (1 Tim. ii. 4).

On earth, as it is in heaven. Alas! how many men on earth act like the demons in hell! Having the manners of hell, the language of hell, the inclinations of hell, they bear already the character of the reprobate, whom they will soon go to join if they do not repent of their evil courses. . . .

On earth, as it is in heaven. We ought already during this life learn the ways of heaven . . . the thoughts, the sentiments, the language of the inhabitants of paradise, in order to render ourselves worthy of being their companions.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

Give us our bread. A father is bound to feed

his children, therefore our Divine Master teaches us to ask of our Heavenly Father the bread which is to sustain our life.

Give us our bread. Our heavenly Father who has given us life and so many other blessings, is certainly disposed to give us our bread. Nevertheless, He wishes us to ask it, for children ought to be dependant on their father, and feel that all their wants are supplied by his paternal hand.

Give us our bread. If we ask our bread, it is only with a view to our salvation. Bread is the means appointed by Providence to maintain our corporal life, in order to be able to work out our salvation.

Our bread. What bread do we ask? Under the name of bread we include not only food, but in general all things necessary, as well for our spiritual as for our corporal life.

Our bread. We mean food, clothing, lodging, health, success in temporal affairs, and everything else necessary for the suitable support of man and his family.

Our bread. We ask necessaries, not superfluity or opulence. Our Divine Master, who became poor for our sake, does not teach us to ask riches. *Having food and wherewith to be covered, with these we are content* (1 Tim. vi. 8).

Our bread. In teaching us to ask our bread, our Divine Master does not mean to dispense us from working for it. He only wishes to make us understand that what we gain by our industry still comes from Him, and that all our labours would be fruitless without the blessing of our Heavenly Father. *If the Lord buildeth not the house,* if He giveth not fruitfulness to the earth, if He ripeneth not the harvest, *man laboureth in vain.* (Ps. cxxvi.)

Give us our bread. He wishes us to ask bread of our heavenly Father, to show us that this good Father provides for our wants, that we ought to have confidence in Him, and cast away all excessive solicitude about the things of earth. *Be not solicitous, therefore, saying: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things the heathens seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you* (Matt. vi. 31, 32, 33).

Give us our bread. He makes us ask our bread, to cure us of an error which is only too common, and very prejudicial to salvation—that of believing our temporal affairs depend solely on our own activity and industry. "Most men," says St.

Augustine, "busy themselves about their temporal concerns as if their own exertions were sufficient without any help from God; whilst, on the contrary, when there is question of the affair of salvation and of their souls, they neglect it, as if it depended on God alone without any co-operation on their part. Ah! be undeceived, adds the holy Doctor, *He who has created you without yourself will not save you without yourself.*

Give us our daily bread. All men, even the richest, ought to make this petition—1, because God, who has given them their fortune, can alone preserve it to them; 2, because, besides material goods, they also require personal blessings, such as health and spiritual strength, which requires to be renewed every day; 3, because they ought not to ask daily bread for themselves alone, but also for their neighbour.

Give us our bread: our spiritual bread. *Man liveth not by bread alone* (Matt. iv. 4). The soul must also have its food, its clothing, its sustenance. . . .

Give us our bread. The bread of the soul is actual grace, which supports it and gives it strength; prayer, which obtains grace; the word of God, meditation, pious reading, which feed

the mind and the heart; above all, the Holy Eucharist, the true Bread of life, which nourishes the soul and preserves it to eternal life. . . .

Give us our bread. The spiritual bread by excellence is Jesus Christ himself: *I am the living Bread, which came down from heaven* (John, vi. 51). Our souls are nourished by it not only at the eucharistic banquet, but by every interior act of faith, hope, and charity, of which Jesus Christ is the object. . . .

Give us our bread. Our Divine Master, in making us ask the bread of grace, does not mean to free us from certain conditions. We ought amongst other things, fly the occasions of sin, and remove, as far as it depends, all the obstacles to grace.

Give us our bread. One condition for obtaining from God what we ask is, that we also give to our neighbour according to our means: *Give and it shall be given to you* (Luke, vi. 38).

Give us our bread. Although the bread we ask is a gift of God, nevertheless we call it *ours*, because it corresponds to our wants, and is destined for us by our Father.

Our bread. It is already *ours*: we are entitled to it in virtue of the merits and promises of Jesus Christ.

Our bread. All that we use in point of temporal goods ought to be *ours.* Justice should preside over all our speculations, over all our enterprises, and we ought to hold in horror any usurpation of the rights of others.

Our bread. Christians, children of God, we require a heavenly, a divine food suitable to our dignity. . . . Nevertheless we shall not taste on earth the bread we shall eat in heaven. *Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.* (Luke, xiv. 15). *I partake,* said the angel Raphael to Tobias, *of an invisible food and of a beverage which man cannot see* (Tob. vii. 19).

Our bread. Ah! ought it not to be like that of our Master? *My food,* said He, *is to do the will of Him that sent me, that I may perfect his work* (John, iv. 34).

Give us our daily bread. We ask our *daily* bread, the common, ordinary bread of every day, in order to learn to content ourselves with necessaries, without seeking dainties or any of those things which only gratify the senses and feed the passions.

This day. Our Divine Master does not make us ask our bread once for all, nor for several days in advance, but only for to-day, this present day,

in order that we may repeat our prayer every day; and to show us that on every day, even the most prosperous ones, we are depending on our Heavenly Father.

This day. Ah! let us not be troubled for the morrow, let us rather confide in the paternal providence of God, according to the advice of our Divine Master, *Be not, therefore, solicitous for to-morrow: for the morrow will be solicitous for itself. Sufficient for the dav is the evil thereof* (Matt. vi. 34).

This day. Our Divine Master does not mean to forbid a prudent foresight; nor does He even hinder us from asking for to-morrow: provided we be free from the spirit of covetousness, and that excessive solicitude which is opposed to confidence in God.

This day. Let us not be solicitous about to-morrow, which perhaps we shall never see. What folly to think so much of an uncertain future, to amass riches for the days, for the years, when we shall no longer be in the world.

Give us. We have not been taught to say give *me*, but give *us*, to show us that we must ask the gifts of God in the spirit of fraternal charity, not for ourselves alone, but for all men, even our enemies.

Give us, and not *give me*, because God gives his gifts, especially temporal blessings to man, not for himself alone, but also for others: in order that he may share them with his neighbour, and cast an abundant alms into the lap of the poor.

AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THEM WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US.

By the fifth petition, we ask our Heavenly Father to forgive us our sins, as we forgive our brethren the offences they have committed against us.

Forgive us. Our Divine Master wishes us to ask pardon of our sins, and that every day; because we are all sinners. The holiest souls, the Immaculate Virgin alone excepted, were not without stain in the eyes of God. *If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us* (1 John, i. 8).

Forgive us. We ought to ask pardon of our sins in order to acknowledge our misery and humble ourselves before God. . .

Forgive us. Our Divine Master makes us ask pardon of our Father every day: because, alas! every day we commit some faults . . . and to make us understand that the bowels of his mercy are

always open to us, and that we must never cease to confide in his mercy.

Forgive us. We ask pardon from God, because He alone can forgive sin, He alone can justify, can purify our souls.

Forgive us. The forgiveness we ask here, and which we ought to ask all our lives, is the great grace we require. It is the fundamental grace, on which the edifice of virtues must be built up, it is a necessary grace without which the gates of heaven are closed against us.

Forgive us our trespasses, that is to say, *our sins;* in the text of St. Matthew it is *our debts:* because by our sins, we have contracted towards God real debts, which we shall be obliged to pay to his justice, if we do not beforehand obtain their remission from his mercy.

Forgive us our trespasses. We ask forgiveness in an absolute manner: the pardon of all our sins, however great, however numerous they may be; a full pardon, which totally destroys the sin itself and all its effects. In sin there are three distinct elements: the act which passes, the guilt which it leaves as a stain upon the soul, and the penalty which remains due. The complete, absolute pardon takes place when God forgets the guilty

act, and looks upon it as if it had never happened; when he effaces the stain in restoring to the soul its first beauty; and lastly, when He remits all the penalty due to his justice.

Forgive us our trespasses. We ought to ask again and again the pardon of our sins; because, whilst effacing the guilt, God does not usually grant the entire remission of the punishment; and because this petition for pardon is an act of penance and humility very pleasing in his sight. *Lord,* said David, *wash me yet more and more from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin* (Ps. 50).

Forgive us our trespasses. We ask the forgiveness of all our sins, mortal as well as venial, but to obtain it we must have true contrition for them; we must be sorry for them, detest them, avoid the occasions which cause us to fall into them, and make use of the necessary means to amend our lives . . .

Forgive us our trespasses. In virtue of this prayer, God immediately forgives venial sins; to mortal offences, He only grants the grace of a sincere repentance for them, and the dispositions requisite for obtaining pardon in the holy tribunal of penance.

Forgive us our trespasses. Ah! how numerous are my sins! Hasten, Lord, to pardon me, to purify me entirely from them whilst there is yet time, lest I should appear before your dread tribunal laden with this fatal burden.

As we forgive. Yes, Lord, we forgive our brethren their offences, deign also to pardon ours. We know that our offences against you are much more grave than those which our brethren have committed against us; nevertheless, you have been pleased to promise us forgiveness, on condition of our forgiving our offending brother: *For if you will forgive men their offences, your heavenly Father will forgive you also your offences* (Matt. vi. 14).

As we forgive. The forgiveness of injuries is an essential condition for obtaining the pardon of our sins: *But if you will not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive you your offences* (Matt. vi. 15).

As we forgive. Our Divine Master makes us add these words, to remind us constantly of the great precept of fraternal charity, and of the obligation of pardoning our enemies.

As we forgive. He makes us add these words, to oblige us in a manner to forgive, since we can

only ask pardon of God on condition of first granting forgiveness to our neighbour.

Them who trespass against us. We are obliged to forgive the offences, the injuries of our neighbour, as far as the insult, but not as far as the loss is concerned; we are obliged to put away all sentiments of revenge and enmity, but we are not forbidden to claim a just compensation, within the limits of prudence and Christian charity.

Them who trespass against us. We ought to forgive all offences without exception. However great the injuries we suffer from our neighbour, can they ever bear any comparison with those we have committed against God, with those which the Saviour deigned to suffer at the hands of the Jews through love for us?

Them who trespass against us. We ought to pardon others, because we also have offended our brethren. *Bear ye one another's burdens, and so shall you fulfil the law of Christ* (Gal. vi. 2).

Them who trespass against us. We ought to forgive every injury, and to pray for those who offend or persecute us, after the example of the Saviour, who said on the cross: *Father, forgive them, for theu know not what they do* (Luke xxiii. 34).

Forgive us . . . as we forgive. We must forgive

from our hearts, *de cordibus vestris* (Matt. xviii. 35). The interior forgiveness and good will are always obligatory, even should the enemy persist in his hatred; but reconciliation and exterior friendship are not always possible.

As we forgive. Grant me, Lord, a perfect charity towards my neighbour, the grace to bear with his defects, a love for my enemies; may I have in my heart no other sentiments than those of the purest charity, with which the Heart of Jesus is animated. *For let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus* (Phil. ii. 5).

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Our Divine Master dictates this petition to warn us of our weakness in the spiritual combat. *The spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak* (Matt. xxvi. 41).

Lead us not into temptation. He dictates to us these words to remind us to watch: *Watch ye and pray, that ye enter not into temptation* (Matt. xxvi. 41).

Lead us not into temptation. He makes us pray thus to fill us with confidence, and to teach us that the enemies of our souls are subject to the power of his Father: *He will not suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able; but will make also*

with temptation issue that you may be able to bear it (1 Cor. x. 13).

Lead us not into temptation. He wishes by this prayer to put us on our guard against the occasions of sin, and to warn us to fly danger, as much as it depends upon ourselves; *because he who loves the danger will perish in it* (Eccli. iii. 27).

Lead us not into temptation. We do not ask to be freed altogether from temptation, because it enters into the designs of Providence that we should be tempted. *My son, on entering the service of God prepare thy soul for temptation* (Eccli. ii. 1).

Lead us not into temptation. Temptations cannot injure us if, inspired with courage and confidence in God, we fight after the example of Jesus Christ. That is why, when St. Paul prayed to be delivered from the temptations which afflicted him, the Lord replied: *My grace is sufficient for thee, for power is made perfect in infirmity* (2 Cor. xii. 9).

Lead us not into temptation. Temptations or solicitations to evil cannot come from God; but He permits them for just reasons: to prove our virtue, to increase our merit, to humble us, and make us feel our weakness. We ought to submit to his designs, begging Him at the same time, not to allow us to yield to temptation.

Lead us not into temptation. The causes of temptation are the flesh, the devil, the world and its scandals, and too often man himself, who seeks or exposes himself to them. . . .

Lead us not into temptation. We shall not fall—(1) if we fly the occasions of sin and watch over our senses and our hearts; (2) if we are always armed by prayer and Christian mortification; (3) if when attacked by the enemy we resist promptly, with energy, courage, and perseverance . . .

Lead us not into temptation. The Christian life is a warfare and *no one will be crowned unless he has striven lawfully* (2 Tim. ii, 5). *To him that shall overcome, I will give to sit with me on my throne, as I also have overcome; and am set down with my Father on his throne* (Apoc. iii 21).

BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

Deliver us from evil. We ask our Father to deliver us from all real evil; not precisely from what men call evil, but from what is evil in the eyes of God, from what is evil in regard to our salvation and the glory of God.

Deliver us from evil. In the eyes of God there is only one evil, which is such essentially and by

its nature; only one which is the object of his hatred and malediction; it is sin . . .

Deliver us from evil. For man likewise there is no other evil than sin and what relates to sin. Sin, and sin alone, can close against us the gates of heaven and cast us into hell. . . .

Deliver us from evil. The words of the sacred text which we translate by *evil* may signify *the evil one,* the demon, as well as the *evil* of which he is the author and promoter.

Deliver us from evil, from the devil, from his power, from his yoke, from his snares, from his fury. . . . *Because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour* (1 Pet. v. 8).

Deliver us from evil: from this evil party composed of all the agents of the demon, and which, inspired by his spirit, never ceases to wage war against the Lord and his Christ. This party constitutes *the gates of hell,* which are never to prevail against the Church, but over which the Church is not to triumph without combat. We must wage incessant war against this enemy, and use in the combat the arms of prayer, patience, and good works.

Deliver us from evil: from all evils, past, present, and to come. . . .

Deliver us from evil: from temporal and eternal evils. . . .

Deliver us from evil: from all sin, from the stains of sin, and from the debt of punishment. : . .

Deliver us from evil. First from spiritual evils, and then also from corporal evils, in so far as this deliverance may be useful for our souls. . . .

Deliver us from evil: from our past sins, from our present miseries, from our ignorance, and our errors; from sins to come, from a bad death, from eternal damnation.

Deliver us from evil: from all evils of the soul we ask, Lord, to be delivered in an absolute manner.

Deliver us from evil: remove from us, Lord, or, at least, mitigate, our corporal miseries, if it be for the advantage of our souls and your glory. The sufferings of this life, far from being always an evil, are oftener a precious participation in your cross. Therefore, we can and will ask deliverance only conditionally, saying with our Divine Master: *O my Father! if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt* (Matt. xxvi. 39).

THE HAIL MARY, OR ANGELICAL SALUTATION.

The prayer which ranks next after the Lord's Prayer is the Hail Mary, or *Angelical Salutation.* It is addressed to the august Virgin, Mother of God; and the Church usually adds it to the Our Father to strengthen her petitions by the intercession of Mary with God.

The Angelical Salutation is composed of three parts—the words of the Archangel Gabriel at the moment of the Annunciation; those of Elizabeth on the day of the Visitation; and, lastly, a concluding petition added by the Church.

The words of the two first parts are divine, since the persons who pronounced them were inspired by God Himself. Those of the petition are sanctioned by the Holy Ghost, since the Church, always assisted by the Holy Spirit, has dictated them.

The words of the Archangel are: *Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women* (Luke, i. 28).

The words of St. Elizabeth are: *Blessed art*

thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb (Luke, i. 42).

The petition added by the Church is: *Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen.*

The Words of the Hail Mary Meditated.

HAIL, MARY, FULL OF GRACE.

Hail. Expression of good-will and felicitation.

The Archangel would most probably have employed the salutation in common use amongst the Hebrews: *Peace!* This salutation includes every expression of joy and happiness, and St. Luke has rendered it by the word χαῖρε, rejoice! The common expression *hail*, addressed by the faithful to the Queen of Heaven is, then, a sublime salutation: *Thou art blessed, O Mary! and we rejoice to proclaim it: Ave Maria!* Is it not the fulfilment of the prophetic words pronounced by Mary in the house of Elizabeth: *Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!* (Luke, i. 48).

Hail. A salutation addressed to a man expresses a wish, a desire, a prayer; addressed to

Mary, it is a tribute of admiration, of respect, of joy, and of love. . . .

Hail. Who am I, O Queen of Heaven, to pay you my homage? But your goodness equals your greatness; the sentiments of your Divine Son are also yours, and you say to us, with Him, these touching words: *Come to me, all you that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you* (Matt. xi. 28).

Hail, Mary! O most sweet, most amiable, as well as most august of all creatures! What happiness, what joy, what consolation for our hearts, to be able to approach your throne, to speak to you, to converse with you simply, familiarly, like children with the best of mothers! . . .

Mary! O most amiable, most holy, most beautiful of all names, after that of Jesus! We may here make use of the words of St. Bernard, speaking of the holy name of Jesus, and say that the name of Mary is music to the ear, honeycomb to the mouth, and nectar to the heart, which it inundates with sweetness and oy. . . .

Mary. This name signifies *Sovereign, Star of the Sea.* . .

Ah! it is no empty title, but the true expression of your greatness, O Mary

Mary! O most tender, most amiable of mothers, how sweet it is to me to repeat your name! May I have it ever on my lips, ever in my heart, ever during life, and in the agony of death. . . .

Mary. This name rejoices heaven, consoles the earth, and makes hell tremble. . . .

Mary. This name is inscribed on all devout hearts. Love for Mary is a mark of true piety, a safeguard against sin, a pledge of salvation. . . .

Mary. This name, like that of Jesus, is a light, a strengthening food, a balm for all our wounds. . . .

Mary. In darkness and storms, in afflictions and temptations, think of Mary, invoke Mary. . .

Mary. Happy are those who have a true devotion to Mary! . . . This true and solid devotion is founded on a lively faith in the greatness of this august Virgin, and her maternal goodness towards us. . . . This faith will produce holy practises, the invocation of Mary and the imitation of her virtues. . . .

Mary. O name a thousand times blessed! you will be my hope in this life and my joy during all eternity. . . .

Full of grace. Behold, O holy Virgin, the

subject of my congratulations: heaven and earth proclaim you blessed, because you have received from God the precious gift of grace, the abundance, the plenitude of grace. . . .

Full of grace. In the world we compliment a person on her nobility, on her fortune, on her beauty, on the brilliant qualities of her mind; the heavenly messenger only congratulates Mary on the gifts of grace, because, in the eyes of God, grace alone has any value, and all external advantages count for nothing. . . .

Full of grace: full of the most precious gifts of the Lord. God, wishing to enrich the Mother of his only Son with all the blessings a human creature is capable of receiving, found nothing in his treasures more precious than grace . . . and He gave her of its plenitude.

Full of grace: full of *sanctifying* grace, which communicates to the soul the beauty of God . . . and of *actual* grace, which gives her strength to accomplish the works of God. . . .

Full of grace. Sanctifying grace so filled the soul of Mary that it left not therein the least void: it possessed this privileged soul from the first moment of her existence by her Immaculate Conception. . . .

Full of grace Mary never lost by sin the treasure

of grace she received with her being, but constantly augmented it by good works. . .

Full of grace. These treasures of sanctifying grace which Mary never ceased to accumulate whilst on earth, are now changed into a crown of glory in heaven; her riches and splendour surpass those of all the elect.

"*Many daughters have gathered together riches; thou hast surpassed them all*" (Prov. xxxi. 29).

Full of grace. The love of God for a soul is proportinate with the degree of sanctifying grace she possesses, and which constitutes her beauty; consequently, He loves the Blessed Virgin more than all other creatures, because she alone is adorned with more graces than all the rest.

Full of grace. Sanctifying grace has also been conferred on me in holy Baptism; have I always preserved it? Have I augmented it? Have I estimated this treasure at its true value, as a blessing above all the goods of this world? . . .

Full of grace: laden with all actual graces, with every help from on high. The Holy Ghost enlightened Mary's understanding, inflamed her will, fortified all the powers of her soul to make her know and love the holy will of God, to enable her to accomplish it in all things, notwithstanding

the greatest obstacles and the most painful sacrifices.

Full of grace. Why has God heaped so many graces on Mary? To make her a worthy mother for his only Son, a worthy Queen of Heaven, a worthy mother for all Christians, capable of giving from her plenitude to all her children. . . .

Full of grace. Since this abundance has been given her for us also, that she may share it with our indigence, let us have recourse to her with entire confidence. At every moment we stand in need of the grace and help of God, without which our weakness would cause us to fall . . . at every moment, then, we ought to ask this help. It will not be refused us if we ask it through the intercession of the Mother full of grace, appointed to shed upon her children the abundant graces she has herself received.

THE LORD IS WITH THEE.

O Mary, how could you be otherwise than full of grace, since *the Lord is with you*, since He bestows upon you his gifts, and favours you with his love of predilection.

The Lord is with thee. How happy are you, O amiable Virgin! The Lord, the King of the

universe, is with you; He is constantly near you to protect you, to enlighten you, to strengthen you, to help you in all your labours, in all your perils. How happy man is when the Lord is with him! He may say with the prophet:—*For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me.* (Ps. xxii.)

The Lord is with thee, like a father with his beloved daughter, like a husband with his cherished spouse, from whom he cannot part. . . . He is not only near you, but He dwells in you, as in his living tabernacle. . .

The Lord is with you, and you are with Him; you walk with Him and in his holy presence, which you never lose sight of . . . . You think only of Him, you seek only Him; you act only, live only for his good pleasure. . . .

The Lord is with thee. He delights in conversing with you, because you have renounced all the vanities of the world to attach yourself wholly to Him. . . .

The Lord is with thee. He is with you, above all, in the person of his only Son; became your Son, and our Lord Jesus Christ. Ah! is not Jesus with you since He is always in your arms? *Yes*

Jesus is with Mary his Mother (Matt. ii. 11); and he who wishes to go to Jesus must approach Him by you, O Mary, who are in possession of this treasure. Like holy Simeon in the Temple, it is from your hands we must receive Him who is our joy and our Supreme Good. . . .

The Lord is with thee. Grant, O Mary, that He may also be with us and not against us. . . The Lord will certainly be with us, if we are with Him, and if we freely forsake the society of his enemies. . . .

BLESSED ART THOU AMONGST WOMEN.

Thou art blessed, O Mary, blessed by the Most High God. The blessing of men is a salutation, or a prayer addressed to God in favour of the person blessed; the blessing of God is a gift, or rather a tribute of praise rendered to true merit, to sanctity and virtue. He praises Mary by calling *her full of grace, all fair, immaculate.* It is principally to her that the King of Heaven addresses those magnificent words in the Book of Canticles: *Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee* (Cant. iv. 7).

Thou art blessed, blessed by God. The blessing of God is also an outpouring of his gifts, an act of

divine munificence, communicating to the creature prosperity and fruitfulness. The principal effect of the special benediction bestowed on Mary was to render her virginity fruitful.

Thou art blessed by God. Oh, how much the blessings of God excel the vain praises and favours of the world! May I deserve to be blessed by God; above all, on that supreme day when He will say to all his elect: *Come, ye blessed of my Father!* . . . Ah! Holy Virgin, obtain for me this blessing, which is equally precious and necessary, since without it I should be accursed for all eternity. . . .

Thou art blessed by God, by the angels, and by men. The benedictions of the angels are the eternal praises by which they celebrate your glory in heaven. They honour you as their Queen, prostrating themselves before your throne of dazzling brightness. . . .

Thou art blessed, glorified by the praises and thanksgivings of men on earth. All, just and sinners, owe you an eternal debt of gratitude. Who shall recount your favours, O Mother of Mercy? . . . All ought to celebrate your greatness, O ineffable being, masterpiece of God, pearl of the world, wonder of the universe! . . .

Blessed amongst women. What are the most august queens, the most glorious saints even, compared to you? O Queen of Heaven, you shine in their midst like the moon amongst the stars, like a lily amongst thorns. . . .

Blessed amongst women. And what was she, whom the benediction of God was going to raise so high in heaven; what was she on earth, in the eyes of men? She was an humble virgin of Juda, living at Nazareth, in an obscure condition, having no outward adornment but her simplicity and modesty. *The Lord*, said she, *hath regarded the humility of his handmaid.* Ah! it is humble, innocent, and pure souls whom God raises up in glory. . . .

Thou art blessed. O holy Virgin! yes; we praise you, we bless you for your virtues and greatness . . . for your maternal kindness towards men. . .

AND BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB, JESUS.

If you are blessed, O Mary, by the Most High, by the angels, and by men, it is on account of Him who was born of you, on account of your Son, Jesus.

Jesus. . . . Who is this Jesus, born of Mary? He is the Word, begotten of the Father from all eternity; the true Son of God who was made

flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and whose glory we have seen, a glory which belongs to no one but the only Son of the Eternal God. . . . This Jesus, O Mary, is your Son!

Jesus. God the Son made man, the Man-God. What greatness is his! *He shall be great*, said the Archangel Gabriel, *and shall be called* (because He will be) *the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David, his father, and he shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end* (Luke, i. 32, 33). What greatness! What are the most famous men of history beside Jesus? . . . They disappear before Him, like the most brilliant stars before the day star. What are the greatest saints before Him? They are only torches before the sun, torches which have even borrowed their light from Him. What are all the empires of the earth beside his kingdom? What are all those uncertain and crumbling thrones beside his eternal throne? . . . Jesus rises above all the children of Adam and rules them all from the height of his divinity. . . . What greatness! . . . And this Jesus who is so great is your Son, O Mary!

Jesus. O mysterious name brought down from heaven—name which signifies *God Saviour*, and

has been so fully verified by Him who bears it! . . . You were the first, O Mary, to hear it pronounced by the heavenly messenger; you, with your holy spouse, Joseph, imposed it on the Man-God. *Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus* (Luke, i. 31).

Jesus. O name above all names, at which every knee must bend, in heaven, on earth, and in hell! . . .

Jesus. With what love, O Mary, did you pronounce this adorable name! Ah! if the name of Jesus is celestial sweetness for our hearts, what must it have been, O tender Mother, for yours? . . .

Jesus. This name embraces all sanctity . . . all sweetness and mercy . . . all blessings, happiness, and hope . . . all beauty and amiability . . . because the name of Jesus represents the person of Jesus with all his treasures. If souls who know Jesus ever so imperfectly are inflamed with his love what must be your love O Mary, who know Him so intimately? . . .

Jesus. Ah! Jesus is the most amiable, the most beautiful of the children of men; torrents of graces flow from his lips; the eternal benedictions of God, like a plentiful unction, anoint his head;

He is the well-beloved Son of his Father, the object of his complacency. . . . You have beheld Him, O Mary, with your eyes, carried Him in your arms, pressed Him to your heart; you have borne Him in your womb! . . . Who shall ever understand how much you loved such a Son? May we love Him as you did! . . . O Blessed Mother, give us a spark of the fire which Jesus enkindled in your heart!

THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB.

The fruit of thy womb. Jesus is your Son, He belongs to you, He is your Jesus! . . . It is true that He is also ours, our Saviour, our Lord; He has been given to us; *God so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son* (John, iii. 16). *A child is born to us and a son is given to us* (Isai. ix. 6). But he is yours in quite a different manner; because He belongs to the human race, as a child to his family; but He belongs to you as a son to his mother. . . . What glory is yours, O Mother of Jesus! If a noble scion is the glory of all his race, what honour does he not reflect on the happy woman whom he calls mother? . . .

The fruit of thy womb. Oh! how truly this woman of the people spoke, when, charmed with

the words and miracles of Jesus, she cried out in the midst of the crowd: *Blessed is the womb that bore thee, and the paps that gave thee suck* (Luke, xi. 27).

The fruit of thy womb. Jesus is your Son; you have, then, for Him the feelings of a mother, a mother's incomparable tenderness added to the love you bear Him as his creature! . . . He is your Son, and it is your privilege to treat Him as your child! . . .

The fruit of thy womb. Jesus is your Son. How great, then, must have been his love, respect, submission, obedience, gratitude towards you on earth? . . . and with what glory has He not crowned you in heaven on the happy day of your Assumption? . . .

The fruit of thy womb. Jesus is your Son; He will always be so. Hence his deference towards you, O Mary; hence also your ascendency, your power over his Heart; and that suppliant almightiness, *omnipotentia supplex*, which we do not hesitate to attribute to you. . . .

The fruit of thy womb is blessed. Being the object of all the benedictions of God and of creatures, He has become, in his turn, the principle, the source of all the blessings bestowed upon the world. . . . *Lord*, exclaims David, *you have given*

to your Christ an unction never granted to another; you have anointed him with the oil of gladness; you have prevented him with blessings of sweetness; you have set on his head a crown of precious stones; you you shall give him to be a blessing for ever and ever (Ps. 20 & 44).

He is blessed. His Eternal Father has blessed Him by calling Him his beloved Son, by giving Him a name above every name; by making Him sit down at his right hand; by enriching Him with all the gifts of grace and glory, as well for Himself as to share with all men who would believe in Him. . . .

He is blessed. These infinite blessings were due to Jesus as Son of God; moreover, He has merited them by his humiliations and sufferings *He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross; for which cause, God also hath exalted him* (Phil. ii. 8, 9).

He is blessed: blessed, praised in heaven by the angels and saints; He ought to be blessed in like manner on earth by all men, especially by the faithful, his disciples. . . .

He is blessed. We ought to bless Him night and day, because night and day we are the objects of his benedictions and his benefits. . . . We ought

to bless Him in heaven, where He is seated at the right hand of God the Father; we ought to bless him on earth in his adorable Sacrament. . . . We ought to bless Him everywhere, and at all times, in joy as well as in sorrow. *The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord* (Job, i. 12).

He is blessed. We shall never bless Him enough, we shall never bless Him worthily. O Virgin Mary, deign to supply for our insufficiency. . . .

HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD.

After these praises comes the petition. We have praised the Mother of God in herself and in her Divine Son; we have extolled her greatness and her power; we now humbly prostrate ourselves at her feet imploring her intercession with her Son, our God and our Judge.

Holy Mary. Salutation of respect and love; words breathing the purest devotion towards the Mother of God. May I, O Holy Virgin, have for you this true, this special devotion, which is a pledge of salvation, and the source of every blessing! . . .

Holy Mary. With eyes uplifted towards the Queen of Heaven, the sweetest and most merciful

of sovereigns, we address her by her name saying: *Holy Mary!* *Holiness* is the quality dearest to her; she prefers the sanctity which renders her pleasing in the eyes of God to her royalty, her power, and all her glory. . . .

Holy Mary. Sanctity constitutes her beauty, her riches, and her chief merit in the eyes of God. Because she is holy, she may present herself before the face of the thrice holy God; she will meet with a favourable reception. . . .

Holy Mary. O Mary, you merit indeed the title of *holy*, since you surpass all creatures in sanctity, since you are the Queen of all the saints. . . . Yes, you are the saint by excellence.

Holy Mary. Your sanctity, O Mary, is like that of your Son. He is the *Sun of justice*, you are the *mirror of justice;* you reflect every ray of his sanctity. . . .

Holy Mary. You are holy, O Blessed Virgin, not only because you possessed the treasures of sanctifying grace . . . but still more because you practised every virtue. Your purity, your faith, your confidence in God, your charity, your patience, your meekness . . . shine before the world; they are so many perfect examples proposed for the imitation of the faithful. . . .

Holy Mary. Ah! how far are we removed from your sanctity! . . . And nevertheless, being your children, since Jesus on the cross has given you for a Mother to all the faithful, we ought to resemble you, and follow, as near as we can, in your footsteps. Therefore, O Beloved Mother, we come to ask from you a participation in your sanctity and virtues. . . .

MOTHER OF GOD.

Mother of God. Ah! not only are you agreeable to God by your sanctity, but you have a sort of right to his favours by your divine maternity. What could a Son refuse his Mother? . . .

Mother of God. You are, O Mary, the Queen of Heaven, you are the Virgin of virgins; but, leaving aside your other titles, we call you *Mother of God*, to remind you of your power with the Most High.

Mother of God. You are, O ineffable mystery! you are truly the Mother of God . . . since your Son Jesus is true God, God the Son, the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity! Yes, you are the Mother of God; to the amazement of nature you have given birth to your Creator. . . .

Mother of God. You became a mother without losing your virginity. O admirable, sublime, divine maternity! . . .

Mother of God. You are, O Mary, the holiest, the most perfect of mothers; none other equals you in goodness . . . and your kindness, your compassion equal your power. Therefore we address our prayers to you with unbounded confidence. . . .

Mother of God. Remember, O august Mother of God, that you are also our Mother. From the cross your Son gave you for Mother to his beloved disciple, and, in his person, to all his disciples, to all Christians. We come, then, to you as your children. Shall we not have unlimited confidence in such a Mother?

PRAY FOR US, SINNERS.

Pray for us. Intercede for us, O Mary, with your Divine Son, who is our Master and our Judge; your intercession will render Him favourable.

Pray for us. Your intercession will obtain for us what we are not worthy of obtaining ourselves . . .

Pray for us. Ask for us all the favours we require; but, above all, the pardon of our sins and the grace of living well in order to be saved. . . .

Pray for us . . . for me first, who am the least of your children; and then for all my brethren,

for all who form the great Christian family of which you are the Mother.

Pray for us . . . for all men. All have been redeemed by the Precious Blood you saw streaming from the wounds of Jesus on Calvary. . . .

Pray for us . . . just as well as sinners, because we all stand in need of your prayers. Truly, are not those whom I call just on earth, sinners also? *If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us* (1 John, i. 8).

Sinners. Yes, we are all sinners, and it is as such that we beg your prayers; is there a greater misery than sin? . . . Sin alone renders man miserable: *Miseros facit homines peccatum* (Prov. xiv. 34).

Sinners. Alas! yes, we are sinners, great sinners, and very unworthy of appearing before your pure eyes, O Mary; but we approach you with confidence as the Refuge of sinners: *Refugium peccatorum.*

Sinners. We are sinners, we humbly acknowledge it; knowing that he who humbles himself merits to be heard. *God,* says St. Peter, *giveth grace to the humble* (1 Pet. v. 5).

Sinners. We, poor sinners, humbly confess our indigence. Alas! we are utterly destitute of

spiritual goods. Where are our sanctity, our innocence, our purity, our charity? . . . Where are our good works? . . . but he who is poor in his own eyes merits being enriched by God. You have proclaimed it yourself, O holy Virgin. *He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent away empty* (Luke, i. 53).

Sinners. We have sinned, and we may sin again . . . we need your assistance, O Mary, for the past and for the future, to obtain our pardon and to amend our lives. . . .

Sinners. However miserable we may be, we come to you, O Mary, without fear of being repulsed. Your Divine Son came to seek sinners, to die for sinners. . . . He received them with affection, above all, when they came to Him repentant, like Magdalen, like the Prodigal Son. . . . No, Jesus never repulsed sinners; and could you, O Mother, who so closely resembles your Divine Son, turn away from them? Ah! you also seek these dear sinners, you receive them all with unspeakable kindness; you make of them repentant prodigals, whom you bring back to the arms of their Father. O my amiable Mother, make of me a repentant sinner. . . .

Sinners. Enable us, O Mary, to purify ourselves

from our sins, to confess them with sincere repentance, to expiate them by worthy fruits of penance to avoid the occasions of sin, to conquer our passions, to break the chains of our bad habits. . . .

Sinners. Reconcile us with your Divine Son, O Mary, and make us true Christians, fulfilling our duties according to our condition . . . producing fruits of justice and virtue, instead of the fruits of iniquity we have hitherto borne. . . .

NOW, AND AT THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH.

Now, during the whole course of our life. The time of life is given us to serve God, and merit heaven by avoiding evil and doing good. We have need of your maternal aid, O Mary, to attain so desirable, so necessary an end. . . .

Now. It is now, to-day, that we must do good and labour for our salvation; the future is uncertain, and perhaps we shall never see to-morrow. O Mary! help me to do good now, without putting it off until later. . . .

Now. As long as our life lasts we are exposed to a thousand dangers; are always suspended between two eternities: between heaven and hell. . . . Terrible alternative! O holy Virgin!

I shall only be secure under your powerful protection.

Now, as long as life lasts, we shall mourn in this valley of tears; we want, then, efficacious consolation . . . and we shall only find it in you, O Mary, true comforter of the afflicted!

Now. This present moment, and every moment of our lives, we stand in need of your assistance, O Mother of God! Nevertheless, the Church does not make us say: *Pray for us always, at every moment*, but *pray for us now*, in order to teach us to have recourse to you constantly, and to renew our prayer at every moment. . . .

Now. It is now, whilst we have health and strength, that we are to do good under your protection, O Mary! because in the days of infirmity, of illness, of old age, we know not what we shall be able to do. *Dum tempus habemus operemur bonum*—whilst we have time let us do good (Gal. vi. 10).

And at the hour of our death. It is then, above all, O Mary! that we shall stand in need of your maternal assistance to sanctify our last moments . . . and die the death of the just. . . .

And at the hour of our death. . . . Solemn, critical, terrible hour, which will decide our

fate for eternity: *Momentum, unde pendet æternitas*: it is the moment on which depends an eternity! . . .

And at the hour of our death: the decisive hour . . . which we ought to have always before our eyes, for which we ought always to prepare ourselves under the protection of Mary.

And at the hour of our death: the appointed inevitable hour. It will strike for me . . . it approaches. . . . O the nothingness of human life! I ought to secure a happy immortality under the protection of Mary.

And at the hour of our death . . . uncertain hour, unknown to man. . . . *Watch ye, therefore, because you know not the day nor the hour* (Matt. xxv. 13).

At the hour of our death. O terrible hour for the sinner, when suddenly called out of life laden with iniquities and transported before the tribunal of an angry God! . . .

At the hour of our death. O consoling hour for the just and for the children of Mary! It is the golden gate by which they enter heaven. . . . Yes, the death of his saints is precious in the eyes of God: *Pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus.* (Ps. cxv.) O Mary, my good Mother, may I

die the death of the saints; may my death be like that of Jesus on the cross . . . like yours, O Mary, my Mother, who breathed forth your beautiful soul in a sigh of love . . . may it be like that of St. Joseph, your august Spouse, who expired in the arms of Jesus, and in yours! . . . Amen.

THE CREED, OR SYMBOL OF THE APOSTLES.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth ;

And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord;

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary;

Suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried;

He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead;

He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty;

From thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost;

The Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints;

The forgiveness of sins;

The resurrection of the body;

And life everlasting. Amen.

I BELIEVE IN GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, CREATOR OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

I believe. . . . This symbol, composed long ago by the Apostles, or rather by the Holy Spirit Himself, with whom they were filled, contains all the immutable truths which God has revealed, and which every man must believe in order to be saved. We ought to recite it with all the respect due to a document of so high an origin, a profession of faith repeated since the time of the Apostles by all the faithful of the Church militant, as well as by all the saints who have entered into the Church triumphant during eighteen hundred years.

I believe. I acknowledge as infallible truth everything contained in this symbol; because it is the word of God, immutable like God Himself. *Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away* (Matt. xxiv. 35); they are eternal because they are true. . . .

I believe. It is an act of faith. Faith is necessary to salvation. *Without faith it is impossible to please God* (Heb. xi, 6). *He that believeth not is already judged* (John, iii. 18).

I believe. Faith is the principle, the basis, and the root of all justification (Trid. Sess. 6). *The just man liveth by faith* (Rom. i. 17); the life of

the just man, the christian life, springs from faith like a tree from its root. Hence this saying: *So much faith, so much virtue.* . . .

I believe. Faith ought to be not only firm, without shadow of doubt; but also lively . . . and efficacious by good works. . . .

I believe. When faith is lively it triumphs over every obstacle, even working miracles. *If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed,* says our Saviour, *you shall say to this mountain, remove, and it shall remove* (Matt. xvii. 19).

I believe. Yes, Lord, I believe; but my faith is still very imperfect: *I do believe, Lord, help my unbelief* (Mark ix. 23).

I believe, Lord, all that you have revealed, and that the Church, the infallible guardian of your word, proposes as revealed truth to the belief of the faithful.

I believe: I have received from your goodness the gift of faith; it is a precious grace for which I owe you a debt of eternal gratitude; it is a treasure of life which I must guard with the most zealous care; it is a light of salvation and civilisation which I ought to help to propagate according to my means. . . .

I believe in God. The first object of our faith is

God, the existence of God. Yes, there is one God, a Supreme Being, the Author of all things, the Master and Sovereign Ruler of the Universe.

I believe in God. O Supreme Majesty, who shall ever understand your greatness! . . . *Who inhabiteth light inaccessible; whom no man hath seen nor can see* (1 Tim. vi. 16). Nevertheless, all great, all ineffable as you are, you deign to draw near us, to speak to us, to disclose to us your mysteries, to communicate yourself to us by the most familiar intercourse. . . .

I believe in God. O ineffable Majesty, O most high God, who shall understand the treasures of your perfections! They are infinite; your wisdom, your power, your immensity . . . your sanctity, your mercy and your justice . . . your beauty and your glory have no bounds; you are an unfathomable ocean of all riches! . . .

I believe in God. O immense Majesty! Who am I to appear before your face? I can only prostrate myself before you, annihilated at your feet in adoration and praise. . . .

I believe in God. This God is an incomprehensible Trinity; one God, one divine nature, subsisting in Three Persons, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost!

The Father. God the Father, the First Person of the Blessed Trinity, has, from all eternity begotten a Son, *the brightness of his glory and the figure of his substance* (Heb. i. 3); and conjointly with this Son, He has produced the Holy Ghost, who is the substantial love of the Father and the Son.

The Father. The eternal principle of the two other Divine Persons, God the Father, does not Himself emanate from any principle; He possesses in Himself the ineffable cause of his personality as well as of his nature. O unfathomable abyss of the divinity! . . .

The Father. There is only one Divine Person bearing the proper name of Father; but the Three Persons together take the name of Father as a common name, with respect to creatures: *Our Father who art in heaven.* God is the principle and model of all paternity; all is paternal in God; all ought to be fatherly in those who hold his place on earth. . . .

Almighty. Omnipotence, as well as wisdom, sanctity and all the other attributes, is common to the Three Divine Persons; but it is ascribed particularly to the Father on account of its agreement with the paternal character. O

God! I believe that you are almighty . . . everything is easy to you, in the order of grace as well as in the order of nature. . . .

Almighty. God alone is omnipotent: before Him all created power is only weakness. Monarchs and their armies have no strength but in Him; they crumble into dust once his hand is withdrawn. Ah! if such a God be with me, who shall be against me? . . . But also, if such a God be against me, who can defend me? . . .

Almighty. What confidence ought I not have in an Omnipotent God, who is at the same time a kind Father to me! . . . But, on the other hand, what folly, what madness for the ungodly to rise up against him and brave his vengeance! . . .

Creator. Behold the great act of omnipotence; the Creation. To call into existence what was not; to discover a being which is still only nothingness, to draw this nonentity from its abyss and invest it with being, with a real, palpable, animated, perhaps immortal existence; who shall understand this mystery? . . .

Creator. Behold the solution of the great riddle of the existence of the universe; it is the work of a creating God, who has drawn it from nothing.

Of heaven and earth. The work of the creating God comprehends the heavens and the earth with all they contain. The entire universe, all that exists, all that moves and breathes, is the work of his hands. . . . Everything depends on God, and everything belongs to Him; He is the Master, as the artisan is the master of his work.

Creator of heaven. He has created the visible starry heavens, that is to say those millions of spheres and suns which move in space. O immensity, O beauty, O admirable harmony of the heavens! . . . *The heavens shew forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands.* (Ps. xviii.)

Creator of heaven. He has created the empyreal heaven, the invisible heaven, the abode of his elect; He has created it for his angels and saints. *Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him* (1 Cor. ii. 9).

Creator of heaven. He created the angels to people heaven. Who can conceive the beauty, the multitude, the power of these heavenly spirits? . . . They surround his throne, they proclaim his glory, they execute his orders in the world, they surround his altar during the celebration of the

Holy Mysteries . . . they are entrusted with the guardianship of the children of men. . . .

Creator of heaven. God created the angels, but amongst these noble creatures were to be found rebels; pride, causing them to rise up against their Creator, precipitated them into sin, and by sin into the abyss of hell; they are now demons. . . . What a terrible example of the malice of sin, and the dread justice of God. . . .

Creator of heaven and earth. God has created the earth with its seas and rivers, its isles and continents, its mountains and fertile plains . . . He has filled the bowels of the earth with riches. . . . He has covered its surface with trees and flowers, He has stocked the land and the seas with animals of every kind, with reptiles and quadrupeds, with insects and birds. . . . And why endow the earth with this variety, this infinity of creatures? For man, whose dwelling it was destined to become; for man, who was to be king of the visible creation, the priest of God in this temple of nature. . . .

Creator of earth. What treasures hidden in the bosom of the earth are every day revealed to us by the investigations of science! . . . What wonders the vegetable and animal kingdoms, the phenomena of the atmosphere and the harmony

of the seasons present for our admiration! . . . All this is the work of the Creator.

Creator of earth. God made the earth and everything in it. : . . He gave man dominion over all other creatures; it was for Him they were created. God made man to his own image and likeness; He destined him to share with the angels the glory of heaven; He placed him for some years on earth to prepare himself by a virtuous life for his entry into heaven. . . .

Creator of earth. God created man, He crowned him with honour and glory; but man forgot his greatness: he sinned, he fell from his high estate and became a slave of the demon . . . O posterity of Adam, guilty and unfortunate race, what is to become of you? Shall you be cast off for ever as an object of anger, as a criminal and accursed stock? . . . Alas! such would have been our lot, if the infinite mercy of God had not given us a Redeemer in the person of his only Son.

AND IN JESUS CHRIST, HIS ONLY SON, OUR LORD.

And in Jesus Christ. I believe in Jesus Christ as I believe in God: He is the object of my faith, in the same manner as God the Father Almighty. I believe of this extraordinary Man, the Founder of Christianity, all that faith teaches concerning Him.

And in Jesus Christ. I believe, not merely what history relates of Jesus Christ; what human reason knows or understands concerning Him; but what God Himself has revealed. I regard Him, not with my bodily eyes, which behold only the exterior, but with the eye of faith, which penetrates the hidden mysteries of his interior. . . .

And in Jesus Christ. Looking at Him only with our carnal eyes, we see in Jesus Christ the great, admirable personage who established the Catholic Church on the ruins of idolatry; a sage, whose doctrine rises above all the teachings of the philosophers; a Thaumaturgus, whose miracles astonished the world; a saint, whose virtues, heroism, patience, and constancy unto death, are beyond all comparison. Lastly, reason alone discovers in Him a unique, incomparable man;—but after all only a man.

And in Jesus Christ. Considered with the eyes of faith and by the light of revelation, Jesus Christ is more than a mere man. He is a Man-God, God and Man together, the Saviour, the regenerator of the human race. His life is not limited to the thirty-three years He passed in Judea. He lives still; He will always live.

Jesus Christ, says St. Paul, *yesterday and to-day, and the same for ever* (Heb. xiii. 8). He quitted the earth to return to the highest heavens, and yet He remains in our midst, hidden under the sacramental veils.

And in Jesus Christ. Oh, name which is the most glorious, the most beautiful, the sweetest of all names!—name which shines like the sun before our minds, which causes our hearts to bound with hope and love! . . .

And in Jesus Christ. The most admirable, the most amiable person who ever appeared on the earth! Yes, Jesus Christ is the Wonder of the world, the Light of the world, the Way, the Truth, and the Life . . . He is the love, the charm of upright hearts, of holy and pure souls. . . .

And in Jesus Christ. He is the man at the right hand of the Almighty, raised up like a divine standard before all nations. . . . The whole human race has its eyes fixed on Him: some range themselves on his right, others on his left; the former adore Him, the latter contend with Him; those are with Him, these are against Him; He is the resurrection of the one and the ruin of the other. . . .

His only Son. Faith teaches us that He whom we call Jesus Christ is a Divine Person. . . . The Second Person of the Most Adorable Trinity; that He is God the Son, the only Son of God, true God like his Father. . . .

His only Son. He is, as the Church expresses it, *born of the Father before all ages, God of God, light of light, true God of true God, begotten not made, consubstantial to the Father.*

His only Son. Besides this only and consubstantial Son, God has children by adoption: they are the just, who believe in the name of his only Son. We have all the happiness of believing: we are all the children of God; we can call God our Father, and consider ourselves heirs to his kingdom. . . . But these adopted sons ought to render themselves like to the only Son of the Father: *Conformes fieri imaginis Filii sui* (Rom. viii. 29).

His only Son. What grandeur, what nobility is yours, O Jesus Christ! You are the Son not of a mortal king, but of the immortal King of ages: *Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius!* . . . He Himself proclaims your dignity, your infinite glory in pronouncing before the whole world, these divine words: *This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well plea-*

(Matt. iii. 17). *Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee* (Ps. ii.).

His only Son. What greatness is yours, O Jesus Christ! You are not an angel, a seraph, nor the very highest of the heavenly spirits; no, these sublime creatures, these princes of heaven are your servants; you are the Son of the Eternal Father; *Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.*

Our Lord. The Christ is *our Lord* by excellence, our King, our Master. . . : All men, the most powerful princes, as well as the poor and humble, must bend before Him as their Lord, and obey Him as their Master. . . .

Our Lord. He is our Lord because He is God; being equal to his Father, He is, like Him, Lord and Master of the universe.

Our Lord. Jesus Christ is Lord of the human race by a special title; He has conquered it at the price of his blood; and his Heavenly Father has established Him eternal King to rule all nations; and in effect He governs them by the Church which holds his place on earth.

Our Lord. This Lord, this Divine King is *ours* in the strictest sense; because He has been given to us. *For God so loved the world, as to give his* *--ly-begotten Son* (John, iii. 16); and because by his

temporal birth, He has been incorporated into the human family. He is ours, He belongs to us as our treasure . . . as our Father, who, in regenerating us by his blood, has become for us the source of every blessing; as our Brother, born like us of the blood of Adam; lastly, as our inseparable Friend, the companion of our pilgrimage, dwelling with us, and giving Himself to us in the sacrament of his love . . .

WHO WAS CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST.

The symbol of faith proposes to us here the history of Jesus Christ; and first his origin as man This origin is none other than the mystery of the Incarnation, of his miraculous Conception, operated by the power, that is to say, by the omnipotence of the Holy Ghost.

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost. The Angel Gabriel made known this wonder to the Virgin Mary, when he said to her: *The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee; and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God* (Luke, i. 35).

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost. By this divine operation of the Holy Ghost, *the Word was made flesh*, the mystery of the Incarnation w·

accomplished. O Incarnation of the Word, mystery of mysteries! God becomes man: the Eternal, the Omnipotent, clothed with our humanity, comes to dwell in our midst! . . . *That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the word of life* (1 John, i. 1).

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost. Mystery of the Incarnation, mystery of love and of mercy! Why did the Son of God come down from heaven, and become man? Was it not through love for man, for us poor sinners, and for our salvation? . . .

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost. Incarnation of the Word, mystery of power: *He hath showed might in his arm* (Luke, i. 51). History shows the effects of this power. The coming of the Son of God on earth was the signal for a general transformation of human society, and at the same time for a furious war waged by the spirit of evil against virtue. In this everlasting warfare, all the powers of earth and hell are leagued against the Christ; but they shall never prevail, and the combat will end by the complete overthrow of the wicked. . . .

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost. Incarnation

of the Word, mystery of humility. *My brethren,* writes the Apostle St. Paul, *let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal to God, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit, found as a man* (Philip. ii. 5 Seqq).

AND BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

He who is born of the Father before all ages, is born in time of a created mother: the Eternal Son of God becomes the Son of man, the Son of Mary; this double affiliation corresponding with his double birth. . . .

Born . . . He could have taken human nature without being born; He could have clothed Himself with our humanity up in heaven, and have come down to earth a perfect man; but then He would not have been our brother, nor a child of Adam incorporated with the human family. . . .

Born of the Virgin Mary. His birth was admirable, He is born of a Virgin, who becomes a mother, without losing her virginity.

Born of the Virgin Mary. He chose to be born of a Virgin, to show his love, his predilection for virginity. . . .

Born of the Virgin Mary. O Mary, what a glory to have such a Son! You are the Mother of the Son of God, the true Mother of God! . . . I believe with all my heart, this dogma which is so glorious for you, so consoling for me; obtain for me a more lively and perfect faith. . . .

Born of the Virgin Mary. Being his Mother, O Mary, you have been to Him what all other mothers are to their children, you have been his nurse; you have lavished upon Him all your cares, all your tenderness; and in return you have received from Him, filial love, respect, and obedience! Who can describe your happiness? ... Who could ever give us an idea of your incomparable greatness as Mother of God! . . .

Born of the Virgin Mary. This birth took place at Bethlehem, in a stable, in the midst of poverty. ... What a lesson for the world! . . .

Born of the Virgin Mary. You have seen Him, O Mary, *advance* under your eyes *in wisdom, and age, and grace, with God and men* (Luke ii. 52).

SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE, WAS CRUCIFIED, DEAD, AND BURIED.

We now come to the Passion and Death of the

Son of God, which he suffered for our sins, for the redemption of the human race.

Suffered. The whole life of the Saviour was one of privations, labours, and sufferings; but on the day of his Passion He underwent the most unheard of outrages and torments. . . . This is the meaning of these words of the Creed: *He suffered under Pontius Pilate.*

Suffered under Pontius Pilate. The Passion and Death of the Son of God took place when Pontius Pilate was the Roman governor of Judea. The authors of the Symbol, the apostles, wished to indicate thereby that this great event is a public and notorious historical fact.

Under Pontius Pilate. This name is also cited to recall the part which Pilate, and in his person the civil power, and politics, played in the Passion of the Man-God. It was, indeed, the civil power and worldly politics which were the principal cause of the torments of Jesus Christ, and pronounced his sentence of condemnation. Need we be astonished that this power and these politics continue to be the principal instruments in the persecutions levelled against the Church? . . .

Suffered. . . . What a mystery are the sufferings of the Son of God, a mystery not less wonderful

than that of his Incarnation. A God coming into the world; and He, the Creator of the world, coming to receive, not ovations, but sufferings!... Who would believe it, if history did not bear witness to it?

Suffered. What sufferings has He not endured in his Passion! I see Him suffer in his soul and in his body . . . in his affections and in his honour . . . in all the powers of his soul and in all the senses of his body! . . . He drains to the dregs the chalice of sufferings and of bitterness. Thus his prophet calls Him, and it is the only name which suits Him, *a Man of Sorrows* (Isai. liii. 3).

Suffered. And why, O Jesus, Eternal Wisdom, King of sanctity and glory, why all these sufferings, these humiliations? Ah! it is through love for men, through love for me . . . to redeem me . . . to atone for my sins . . . to give me the most important, the most touching lessons . . . In your holy passion you teach me to detest sin . . . to expiate the sins I have committed by uniting my atonements with yours . . . you teach me to practise the most solid, the most heroic virtues, and that by examples more eloquent than any words. . . .

Suffered. Ah! my Jesus has suffered so much for me; and what have I yet suffered for Him? . . .

Was Crucified. What a mystery and what a spectacle in the eyes of faith, to see the Son of God tortured, nailed to an infamous gibbet like a malefactor! . . . What a sacrifice of expiation! . . .

Was Crucified. It was not so much the Jews as our sins that nailed the Son of God to the cross. . . . To commit a mortal sin is virtually to renew the crucifixion of the Saviour. . . . *Crucifying again the Son of God* (Heb. vi. 6).

Was Crucified. Jesus on the Cross *is the light put upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are in the house* (Matt. v. 15) . . . He is the brazen serpent, the sight of which cures all wounds; He is the tree of life . . . under whose shade salvation is found . . . He is the book of the elect, which the most ignorant may read. . . . He is a divine spring open to all desolate, afflicted, guilty souls, where they may draw the waters of consolation and confidence, of repentance and justification, of strength and courage, of love and of joy. . . .

Was crucified. O Jesus crucified! I wish to have you always before my eyes: your holy image,

the crucifix, shall be the dearest object of my veneration during life, my strength at the hour of my death. . . .

Was crucified. O Jesus crucified! You will be my wisdom, my science, my most sublime philosophy. . . . I shall say with St. Paul, *I judged not myself to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified* (1 Cor. ii. 2).

Was crucified. Disciple of a God nailed to the cross, can I live in self-indulgence and amusements? Can I seek to gratify myself in everything, to lead a sensual life without Christian mortification? . . .

Was crucified. Before being fastened to the cross by his executioners, Jesus carried it to Calvary, to teach me to carry mine. *If any man,* says He, *will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me* (Luke, ix. 23).

Dead. The Author of life suffers death. What a mystery! . . . Ah! if He dies, it is to give life to the world. *Christ died for us* (Rom. v. 9).

Dead. Jesus dies for me; must I not also die for Him, that I may give Him life for life? If I cannot shed my blood for Him like the martyrs, ought I not at least die to the world and to sin

for love of Him ? : . . If I cannot offer Him the sacrifice of my life, ought I not make Him some other sacrifices—sacrifices which are in my power, and which He demands from me ? . . .

Dead. Jesus Christ died for men ;—what an unspeakable favour . . . the remembrance of which men ought to cherish with boundless gratitude. That is the reason He has Himself instituted a living and divine memorial of his immolation on the cross, in the holy sacrifice of the Mass. There He will be offered up even to the end of the world, but in an unbloody manner, as truly as He was once immolated in a bloody manner on Calvary. With what devotion ought I not to assist at and particitate in these mysteries ? . . .

Dead. What a holy death was that of my Jesus ! It was a triumph, the end of all his combats, and the beginning of his glory. . . . May my end be like to his ! . . .

And buried. Behold the depth of his humiliation : the Son of God, the King of kings, stripped of all his glory, deprived even of life, placed in a tomb, deposited in the centre of the earth ! . . . Is it possible to descend lower in the sublime scale of humility ? It is from the depths of these

abasements that He will arise glorious. *He that humbleth himself shall be exalted* (Matt. xxiii. 12).

And buried. He is the grain of wheat come down from heaven and deposited in the bosom of the earth. His death, his destruction, is the condition of his fruitfulness. From his tomb shall come forth the faith of nations, which will produce harvests of faithful and saints over the whole earth. . . .

And buried. It was with the greatest respect that Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus laid the body of our Saviour in a new sepulchre, quite pure and closed against the attacks and profanations of those outside. Is not this an image of the soul receiving worthily the body of Jesus Christ in the Holy Communion ? . . . This Divine Body hidden, and, as it were, dead under the sacramental veils, is a focus of life, and will one day be for me the principle of a glorious resurrection. *His sepulchre shall be glorious* (Isai. xi. 10).

HE DESCENDED INTO HELL, THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD.

He descended into hell. When the body of the Saviour was placed in the tomb, his holy soul, united, as well as his blessed body to the divinity,

descended into hell: that is to say, into Limbo, where the souls of all the just who had died from the beginning of the world were detained. These souls could not enter heaven until Jesus Christ should open it by his death, and they were expecting with impatience the moment of redemption. Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the human race, the Saviour of past and future generations, comes, then, first into the midst of the ancient world; He presents Himself before those blessed souls who were sighing for the coming of the promised Redeemer; He announces to them that the day of their deliverance is at hand. . . .

He descended into hell. With what transports of love; with what rapturous joy was the God-Saviour recognised and greeted by all the just of past ages; by these patriarchs and prophets; by Adam, progenitor of the human family; by Abraham, Moses, David, and all those legions of true servants of God, who never bent the knee before the Altar of Baal! . . .

The third day He rose again from the dead. We may readily believe that those holy souls, seeing their King about to leave them to ascend towards the earth, wished to escort Him to the sepulchre from whence He was to rise. There, in the dark

abode of death, they beheld with sorrow, an the same time with unutterable love, his Di Body, livid, wounded, immolated for their sa tion. . . .

He rose again from the dead. Then the glor soul of Jesus again took possession of his bo and changed a body of humiliation into a glori body. What glory, what beauty, what majesty his! . . . He is the King of the human race, King of the universe . . . Yes! Jesus Christ, are the King of glory: *Tu rex gloriæ Christe!*

He rose. Behold the first-born amongst dead, showing us in his own person the mode our future resurrection, and the eternal glory wh will ensue from it. . . . The brightness, subti agility, and immortality . . . of the glorious b of Jesus will be imparted to our bodies on great day of the resurrection, provided that now take part in his sufferings. . . .

Rose again. What a triumph for Jesus! W is the earthly king who has ever triumphed death? who has come forth immortal from tomb? . . . This resurrection of Christ is commencement of the triumph of the just the wicked—a triumph which will not complete until the day of judgment, when

enemies of Jesus Christ will all be overthrown, and *will serve as a footstool to his feet* (Ps. cx .).

Rose again. What a joy for the disciples was the resurrection of their Divine Master! . . . Not only are we happy in seeing the triumph of Jesus, because He is our Saviour and beloved Father; but his holy resurrection fills us with inexpressible joy, because it is the clear, manifest proof of the truth of our faith . . . and at the same time, the certain pledge of our future resurrection. . . . Thus we see the first disciples flooded with consolation, when, seeing Jesus risen in their midst, convinced by this evidence, they acknowledge his resurrection as a real, unquestionable fact: *Gavisi sunt ergo discipuli viso Domino: The disciples therefore were glad when they saw the Lord* (John, xx. 20).

He rose again. Amongst all the events of history, that which rests on the most numerous and unexceptionable evidence is the resurrection of our Saviour. The Catholic Church, founded on the resurrection of its Author, is, in itself, a living and imperishable monument of its reality. . . . What a happiness to see our faith resting on such an immovable foundation!

He rose again the third day. Jesus rose again

after He had been dead part of three days. Why this promptitude, if not to show us that glory follows close upon the humiliations of the cross? . . . The passion of our Master was of short duration, the joy of his resurrection will be eternal: *Knowing that Christ rising again from the dead, dieth now no more, death shalt no more have dominion over Him* (Rom. vi. 9). It will be the same with his disciples. . . .

He rose again the third day: Our Master is risen, we must rise likewise, and rise by a twofold resurrection, on the last day, to the life of glory . . . and previously in this world to the life of grace. . . .

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN, SITTETH AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

He ascended into heaven. What a triumph was the Ascension of Christ! what a glorious crowning of his earthly career! Where is the monarch, the conqueror who has finished in this manner? Who besides has ascended to heaven? . . .

He ascended into heaven: to the highest heavens. *He that descended*, says the apostle, *is the same also that ascended above all the heavens, that He might fill all things* (Eph. iv. 10). O King of glory!

I see you traversing, in a moment of time, the lower space, inaccessible to us, where the stars move, and entering the regions of eternal light, where the Divinity unveils his magnificence, where the Most High dwells with the countless legions of his elect. . . .

He ascended into heaven. The Ascension, which is a mystery of glory for Jesus, is a mystery of joy for his faithful followers. We shall also ascend after our Master. What an agreeable prospect! What a subject of joy in all our sufferings! . . . In the most painful trials, the Saviour says to us: *Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven* (Matt. v. 12).

He ascended into heaven. Glory follows humiliation. *Now that He ascended, what is it but because He also descended first into the lower parts of the earth?* (Eph. iv. 9.) Humiliations are the true road to a Christian ascension. . . .

He ascended into heaven. Why did He ascend before us? To prepare us a place. . . . To be our mediator with God the Father. . . .

He ascended into heaven. In order to ascend and not to descend after death, we must ascend spiritually during life: following the upward road of virtue and of duty. . . . Walking this way we must

make constant efforts to conquer our passions and corrupt inclinations, which drag us down to the earth. We must raise our hearts frequently to heaven. *Sursum corda! Therefore if you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above . . .* (Col. iii. 1).

He ascended into heaven. We are all called to ascend with Jesus Christ. Alas! most men have not courage to follow Him: they descend . . . during life, they go down the declivity of vice and degradation; and after death they fall into hell. . .

He ascended into heaven, but without ceasing to dwell with the faithful on earth. He has withdrawn from us his visible presence; but his love has discovered the secret of remaining invisible *with* us . . . *all days even to the consummation of the world* (Matt. xxviii. 20).

And sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty. He shares the supreme glory of God the Father, whose only Son He continues to be, though clothed with our human nature. O mystery! mystery of glory for the human race! A man is seated in the highest heavens on the throne of God the Father . . . this man is called the Most High, and is glorified by hymns of adoration, such as those the Church chants in the

Sacrifice of the Mass: *Glory to God on high! We adore Thee, O Father Almighty! We address our prayers and our supplications to Thee, O Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son, seated at the right hand of the Father. Thou only art holy. Thou only art the Lord. Thou only, O Jesus Christ, together with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father.*

Sitteth. He enjoys eternal repose after his labours and combats . . . it is the repose of a monarch on his throne, peaceably governing the vast provinces of his empire. . . .

Sitteth. We are all called to share the glory and repose of our Master: *To him that shall overcome, I will give to sit with me in my throne, as I also have overcome, and am set down with my Father in his throne* (Apoc. iii. 21).

Sitteth. Yes, we shall share with our Master his eternal and blessed repose. We must then labour without intermission on earth . . . eternity will be long enough for rest.

Sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty. Christ, the King and Supreme Ruler of that Church which we now see marching and militant on earth, shares the omnipotence of his Father in the highest heavens. . . . Our head is

all-powerful: what can we fear? No, no, the gates of hell shall never prevail against the work of the omnipotent Christ.

FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

He will not appear again in the world until the end of time. But then, on the last day, He will rise from his throne, and, descending visible and glorious to the earth, shall judge all nations.

Thence He shall come to judge. This is the dogma of the general judgment. Justice shall be done: let just and upright souls be consoled when they feel inclined to rebel at the sight of the unpunished crimes of the world. . . .

He shall come in all the splendour of his majesty, accompanied by the heavenly hosts, his countless angels. He shall sit in his tribunal and summon before Him all peoples and kings, just and sinners. . . . *Behold, he cometh with the clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also that pierced him* (Apoc. i. 7). Terrible moment for the sinner . . . consoling moment for the just. . . .

He shall come to judge. The Supreme Judge will separate the good from the wicked . . . He will place the former on his right and the latter on his

On which side shall I be placed? . . .

He shall come to judge the living and the dead. All men shall be judged: all, no matter what age they may have lived in . . . all, no matter whether their lives may have been good or evil . . . all, whether they are living by sanctifying grace, or dead to grace by mortal sin . . . all shall appear before Christ, bearing in their hands either the works of life, or the works of death.

He shall come to judge the living and the dead. A double sentence shall be pronounced, a sentence of salvation, and a sentence of condemnation. . . . A sentence without appeal; the lot of the just, and that of the wicked, will be settled for all eternity. What joy on one side! what despair on the other! . . . Do I believe this great truth with a firm and lively faith? Do I believe it with an efficacious faith, doing what is necessary to ensure a favourable sentence? . . .

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

I believe in the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, as I believe in the two first. The Holy Ghost is true God, like the Father and the Son, equal in all things to the Father and the Son, with whom He possesses the same substance or divine nature.

I believe in the Holy Ghost. God the Father is the Creator, God the Son the Redeemer, God the Holy Ghost the Sanctifier of the world. To the Holy Ghost are attributed all the operations of grace, of sanctification, and of spiritual fruitfulness. He descended on the Infant Church, filling it with his divine gifts. . . . He became the soul of the Church, which He continues to vivify by the sacraments, and his interior inspirations, never abandoning it till the consummation of ages.

I believe in the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost is a spirit of light and wisdom, and above all, a spirit of love: He enlightens the mind and inflames the heart. . . .

I believe in the Holy Ghost. O Holy Spirit, come upon us, set us on fire with thy pure flames, shed upon us the abundance of all thy gifts, namely, wisdom and understanding, counsel and fortitude, knowledge and piety, and lastly, the fear of the Lord. . . .

I believe in the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit is opposed to the spirit of the world, as light is opposed to darkness. The spirit of the world is a spirit of falsehood and error, a spirit of selfishness and discord, a spirit of pleasure and sensuality, a spirit of avarice and cupidity, a spirit of pride and

ambition. . . . The Holy Spirit, on the contrary, detaches the heart from the earth and raises it to heaven: He is a spirit of faith and of truth, a spirit of charity and beneficence, a spirit of union and help, a spirit of patience and mildness, a spirit of poverty and mortification, a spirit of humility and chastity, a spirit of peace and of prayer. . . .

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

By this article, we profess that there is only one true Church of Jesus Christ, and that there exists a community of life and interests between all the members of this Church. . . .

The Holy Catholic Church. In saying that we believe in the Holy Catholic Church, we profess that Jesus Christ has established a Church, and that this Church is no other than the Roman Catholic Church, outside of which there is no salvation. . . .

The Holy Catholic Church. I believe, O Jesus, that you have founded the Church, your spiritual kingdom, on the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors . . . I behold with my eyes this divine institution, against which the gates of hell essay in vain to prevail. . . . Ah! my God, what gratitude is due to you for such a benefit! . .

The Holy Church. The most beautiful, the most venerable, the most august institution on earth; a social institution, a truly model society, the Church is distinguished from all human institutions by a character of heavenly grandeur, which no one can deny. *This is the Lord's doing: and it is wonderful in our eyes* (Ps. cxvii.).

The Holy Church. Admirable edifice, bearing the seal of the Divine Architect by whom it was built. It has St. Peter for foundation, Peter representing the papacy with its divine authority, its unalterable faith. . . . It has for pillars the seven sacraments . . . charity for coping stone . . .

The Holy Church. It is the kingdom of God on earth, a kingdom foretold by the prophets, prefigured by the Synagogue . . . a kingdom which was to be established on the ruins of the empires of antiquity, and to remain immovable amidst the revolutions of the modern world. Behold this kingship of Peter always the same during nineteen centuries; behold this spiritual dynasty of which He is the august progenitor, always in possession of his inheritance! What a contrast with the frail thrones, the ephemeral dynasties of this world! . . .

The Holy Church. It is the society of the true servants of God, the family of the children of God.

Christ came *to gather together in one the children of God, that were dispersed* (John, xi. 52). *And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be made one fold and one shepherd* (John, x. 16). O Holy Catholic Church, you are this one sheep-fold under one shepherd: happy those whom you keep in your bosom! . . .

The Holy Catholic Church. It is the heavenly city built on a mountain, which cannot remain hidden. It shines before men like the city of God. It bears the seal of its Author, the authentic, inimitable marks of its divine origin, unity, sanctity, catholicity, which belongs to no other church. . . .

The Holy Church. It is a work of incomparable wisdom. Christ was going to ascend into heaven, and his religion was to be perpetuated through all generations on earth. But how was this pure and unalterable faith to be preserved? How was the Gospel morality to be maintained in all its vigour? How offer to all generations the remission of sins, the sacraments for the wants of their souls, the exercises of a worship worthy of God? . . . This problem, which was inaccessible to human wisdom, the Incarnate Wisdom solved by instituting his Church. . . .

The Holy Church. By it, by its hierarchy, that is to say, by pastors invested with divine authority, Jesus Christ, although returned to heaven, still lives on earth. *Behold*, says He, *I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world* (Matt. xxviii. 20). What a happiness, O Jesus, to possess you thus in our midst, to instruct and govern us by those whom you have chosen . . . to console us, to strengthen us by giving us your adorable body for food in the sacrament of your love! . . .

The Holy Church. It is the temple of God on earth, his sanctuary amongst men. . . . *Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and He will dwell with them* (Apoc. xxi. 3).

The Holy Church. It is the bark of Peter bearing Jesus Christ, with all the treasures of his charity for men. Neither storms nor waves can submerge it, because Jesus Christ commands them as a master; at his voice the greatest calm suddenly succeeds the most menacing storm. . . .

The Holy Church is the civiliser of the world, the great benefactress of nations; going about doing good like her Divine Founder, in spite of the ingratitude of men, in spite of the persecutions of the world and of hell. . . .

The Holy Church is the Spouse of Jesus Christ,

born of his blood, come forth from his side, whilst He, the new Adam, was sleeping on the cross. How beautiful, how pure is the spouse of the King of kings! . . . How majestic and magnificent in the splendour of her worship, in the variety of her works, in the multitude of her saints, who shine like precious stones on her garments and on her forehead! . . . *The Queen stood on thy right hand in gilded clothing. All the glory of the king's daughter is within in golden borders* (Ps. xliv.).

The Holy Church. She is our mother, we are her children. Oh! with what tenderness she fulfils the duties of the best of mothers! With what touching solicitude she watches over her children! With what patience, with what sweetness she seeks and brings back the wanderer! . . . But, alas! how many unnatural sons she has who despise and oppose her! . . .

The Holy Church. We are the children of the Church: where are our love, our respect, our obedience, our assistance, above all, in her moments of trial? . . . When we see our mother afflicted, attacked by her enemies, are we there to console and defend her? . . . O holy Catholic

Church, our mother, could we ever cease to love you? Could we ever forget what we owe you? *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee; if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy* (Ps. cxxxvi.).

The Holy Church. Sanctity is the most resplendent, as well as the most divine attribute of the Church. All is holy in this work of God: her origin, her constitution, and her authority . . . her supreme head, her object, and her mission . . . her sacraments, her worship, and her other means of salvation . . . her dogmas and her morality. . . . And what shall we say of the Spirit by which she is animated, no other than the Holy Ghost Himself? . . . This Divine Spirit has been given the Church to remain always with her; to confer upon her, by his perpetual assistance, infallibility of doctrine, and an inviolable purity in moral discipline; to give her the heroism of virtue and the glory of miracles. . . .

The Holy Church. All the members of the Church are not saints, but they are all called to become so by sanctifying themselves; they have the most efficacious means, and if they do not

correspond with their vocation, it is for want of employing these means. . . . What is my own conduct in this respect? What use have I hitherto made of prayer and the sacraments? . . .

The Holy Catholic Church. The true Church of Jesus Christ is *Catholic* or *universal.* Like a vine which spreads wide its branches, the Church of Jesus Christ never ceases to propagate itself, and is indeed spread through all nations, producing everywhere the same fruits of sanctity and good works. . . .

Catholic. It is in vain they try to circumscribe, to wrest from its true signification, the sacred name *Catholic*, by invidiously applying it to a party. This so-called Catholic party is, in reality, the association of the true children of the Catholic Church, faithful to their religion to which is opposed a mere party, a faction, making war upon the Church under a political banner.*

* For many years there have existed in Belgium two political parties, the *Catholics* and the *liberals*. The majority of these liberals are *professed* Catholics, who claim to be *Catholics in faith*, but *liberals in politics*. In reality, they are at present the enemies of the Catholic Church, whereas their opponents, whom they call the *Catholic party*, are true Catholics in religion and faithful sons of the Church.

The name *Catholic* comes from God, and in spite of the fallacious perversion of human language, it will always remain a religious name, inseparably attached to the true Church of Jesus Christ. . . . This name is not even susceptible of mixture or modification: you are a Catholic, or you are not, because you are a submissive child of the Church, or you are not. There are no grades nor varieties amongst the true children of the Catholic Church; and to try and join the name Catholic to a modifying adjective is to try and unite gold with clay. . . .

The Holy Catholic Church. How great is the Holy Church of Jesus Christ, embracing all ages and nations! . . . She includes in her vast extent, not only the whole earth, but even heaven and purgatory. Yes, Lord Jesus, the Church of which you are the Head, is not only the Church militant on earth, but also the Church suffering in purgatory, and the Church triumphant in heaven. . . .

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

The Communion of Saints. These three Churches, by a community of life and interests form only one. O excellence, O admirable union of the family of Jesus Christ! We are not

strangers to the inhabitants of heaven and purgatory: we have the holiest, the most intimate relations with them. . . .

The Communion of Saints. We call by the name *saints*, not only the Blessed in heaven, and the holy souls in purgatory, but all the faithful, members of the Church on Earth. All have been sanctified in baptism, coming from the sacred font they were saints, and if they live according to the engagements of their baptism they will remain saints, they will increase in sanctity. . . . Do I merit the beautiful name of saint? . . .

The Communion of Saints. We are in communion with heaven: with the angels, with the saints who have left this earth and entered into glory . . . with the Blessed Virgin . . . with our Lord Jesus Christ . . . with the thrice holy God, the principle of all sanctity. . . . We can speak to them, praise them, bless them, implore their help in all our wants. . . . What a happiness! Is it not heaven on earth? *But our conversation is in heaven* (Philip. iii. 20).

The Communion of Saints. We are in communion with purgatory. . . . Do I relieve, as much as I can, my suffering brethren in this place of atonement? . . . Do I exercise in their favour

the mercy so much recommended by the Saviour, especially that spiritual mercy, the most excellent of all, by offering for them indulgences, prayers, the holy sacrifice of the Mass? . . .

The Communion of Saints. We are in communion with our brethren on earth. . . . Do I help them in their spiritual and corporal necessities? . . . relieving them by my alms, visiting them in their troubles, bringing them back into the right way when they have gone astray . . . instructing the ignorant, restoring peace to families, praying for the salvation of my neighbour, for sinners, and especially for my enemies? . . .

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

I believe that, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, we can obtain in the Catholic Church the remission of the sins by which we have offended the Divine Majesty.

The Forgiveness of Sins. God alone can forgive sin; but the Son of God invested the priests of his Church with this power when He said to the apostles after his resurrection: *Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained* (John, xx. 23).

The Forgiveness of Sins. The Church has received an unlimited power for the remission of sin. The greatest sinners can obtain pardon: the pardon of the guilt, and even of the temporal punishment which generally remains due after the guilt has been effaced. . . .

The Forgiveness of Sins. To obtain the remission of sins in the Church there are certain conditions to fulfil. Mortal sins committed after baptism are only remitted by the sacrament of penance; or, if the reception of the sacrament be impossible, by perfect contrition. As to venial sins, we can obtain pardon of them by all sorts of good works, provided we are truly sorry for our faults. . . .

The Forgiveness of Sins. Sin must be either forgiven or punished; if it be not remitted in this life, it will be chastised in the next. . . . The present life is the time of mercy and of pardon: this time once passed, there will remain only rigorous justice and chastisement. . . . Ah! it is much better to profit of this season of mercy, than to pay our debts later to the terrible justice of a God, the avenger of crime.

The Forgiveness of Sins. The Lord invites us, in the person of his priest, to come and receive

pardon and peace: *Come to me, all you that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.* (Matt. xi. 28). As soon as his prodigal children return repentant to their Father, He stretches out his arms lovingly to embrace them. . . .

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

This is the dogma of the general resurrection which will take place at the end of the world: all men will rise with the same bodies they had in this life.

The Resurrection of the Body. I believe, my God, that I will arise on the last day clothed with the same flesh as I have now; that I shall take again my own actual body, but, I hope, transfigured by glorious qualities. . . .

The Resurrection of the Body. We shall rise by the power of Jesus Christ. *For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and giveth life, so the Son also giveth life to whom He will. . . . Amen, amen, I say unto you, that the hour cometh wherein all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that have done good things shall come forth unto the resurrection of life; but they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment.* (John, v. 21, seqq.)

The Resurrection of the Body. All men, just and sinners, will arise, but in a very different condition, and with very different qualities. *We shall all indeed rise again, but we shall not all be changed* by the qualities of glory (1 Cor. xv. 51). The reprobate will be hideous, like the demons whom they have imitated . . . the elect will appear glorious like Jesus Christ, their Master and Model, whom they have copied during life. . . .

The Resurrection of the Body. What will then be the confusion of those haughty sinners, who have tried to shine on earth at the expense of justice and of all the duties of the Christian life? . . . *Like to whited sepulchres, which outwardly appear to men beautiful, but within were full of dead men's bones and of all filthiness* (Matt. xxiii. 27). These sepulchres, formerly closed to the eyes of contemporaries, are now open before the whole world. . . . *What hath pride profited us? or what advantage hath the boasting of riches brought us?* (Sap. v. 8.) Oh! if they could only commence anew their lives! . . .

The Resurrection of the Body. What joy, what glory for the just, for the true servants of God! . . *Then shall the just shine as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father* (Matt. xiii. 43). *Dearly beloved,*

exclaims St. John, *we are now the sons of God; and it hath not yet appeared what we shall be. We know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is* (1 John, iii. 2).

The Resurrection of the Body. What a magnificent prospect, what a sweet hope for the faithful servant of God! . . . The resurrection of the body is the hope of Christians: *Resurrectio mortuorum spes Christianorum.* (Tert.) What a sweet consolation in those moments of mourning, when death robs us of what we hold dearest! . . . What a blessed hope at the sight of the tomb opening before us! . . . *My brethren,* says St. Paul, *we will not have you ignorant concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope* (1 Thess. iv. 12).

The Resurrection of the Body. All the elect shall rise like Jesus Christ, the first-born of the dead, the model of the resuscitated just. . . . He shows us in his own person what we shall become by a glorious resurrection. Like our risen Master, we shall be endowed with that heavenly beauty called *brightness* . . . with *subtility* . . . with *agility* . . . and with a blessed *immortality.* . . .

The Resurrection of the Body. The glorified bodies will differ, however, from one another in

splendour. *There is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for star differeth from star in glory* (1 Cor. xv. 41). Whence comes this difference? From the resemblance, more or less perfect, which the just shall have had with Jesus Christ on earth, from the greater or less share they shall have had in his Cross. . . . *A faithful saying: For if we be dead with Him, we shall live also with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him* (2 Tim. ii. 11, 12).

The Resurrection of the Body. What encouragement, what a source of joy and of strength in tribulations, in labours, in the practice of penance and Christian mortification! . . . The flesh mortified, crucified with Jesus Christ, will be glorified with Jesus Christ: He will transform our bodies humbled for Him, and will render them like his own glorious body: *Reformabit corpus humilitatis nostræ, configuratum corpori claritatis suæ* (Philip. iii. 21).

AND LIFE EVERLASTING. AMEN.

This is the blessed life reserved for the true servants of God, which they shall enjoy for all eternity.

Life Everlasting. This is salvation, it is heave-

with its joys and delights . . . which Jesus Christ has merited for us by his death on the cross.

Life. The true life worthy of the name, the plenitude of life for the rational creature, is the blessed life in heaven. . . . That which we live here below does not merit the name of life. *Unhappy man that I am: who shall deliver me from the body of this death?* (Rom. vii. 24.)

Life Everlasting. This is the life the angels, the saints, the Blessed Virgin, enjoy in heaven . . . it is a participation of the life of God Himself, as the Saviour indicates by these words: *Well done, good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord* (Matt. xxv. 23).

Life Everlasting. It is the life of glory, of which we possess the principle and germ here on earth in the life of grace . . . glory springs from grace as the flower from the stalk. . . .

Life Everlasting. It is the complete and perfect life of man . . . for the soul as well as for the body. The blessed soul, admitted to the Beatific Vision, is vivified in her intelligence by the transporting view of *truth* and *beauty* in their eternal centre . . . she is vivified in her will by the loving possession of the Sovereign Good in its

own source. . . . This ineffable union with God communicates to the soul the bliss of glory, which the soul in her turn will communicate to the body on the day of the resurrection. . . . Transfigured thus completely in glory, the heavenly man will possess all the joys of the soul, and all the purest pleasures of the senses. . . . *I will appear before thy sight in justice; I shall be satisfied when thy glory shall appear.* (Ps. xvi.)

Life Everlasting. This life, of which the rational creature alone is susceptible, is also the only true life. . . . All other life which we see in the different degrees of the natural order—the vegetable, the animal, and even the intellectual life—are only a shadow of it. It is in heaven alone that this true life and the true living are to be found. . . . (Heaven is) *the land of the living.* (Ps. cxli.)

Life Everlasting. Its source is in God, and it is communicated to us by the Incarnate Word. . . . *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God. In Him was life. . . . But as many as received Him, to them He gave power to be made the sons of God, to them that believe in his name.* (John, i. 1, seqq.) *I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life* (John, xiv. 6). *My sheep hear my voice . . . and I give them life everlasting* (John,

x. 28). *For the life was manifested, and we have seen, and do bear witness and declare unto you the eternal life, which was with the Father, and hath appeared to us* . . . (1 John, i. 2). In his prophetic visions, St. John sees the life of glory communicated to the elect, under the figure of a river: *One of the seven angels*, exclaims he, *showed me the holy city Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God, and the light thereof was like unto a precious stone* (Apoc. xxi. 10, 11). *And he showed me a river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb* (Apoc. xxii. 1.)

Life Everlasting. Christ communicates it to us on earth . . . infusing into our souls his grace by a variety of ways, especially by the sacraments, true channels of divine grace. . . . Amongst the sacraments there is one more vivifying than the rest, because it contains the very source of life . . . it is the sacrament of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ: *I am the living bread, which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, for the life of the world. . . . As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, the same also shall live by me. . . . He*

that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up in the last day. (John, vi. 51, seqq.)

Life Everlasting. The reverse of *everlasting life* is *everlasting death.* The death of the soul, an immortal substance, is evidently not an extinction of life, which would be contrary to its nature; but the loss of the life of bliss for which it was created . . . it is hell with its torments, with its despair for eternity. . . . Everlasting death is the supreme evil of man, from which Christ offers him deliverance . . . Christ, *who is the resurrection and the life* (John, xi. 25). Who could be so wanting in sense as to reject such an offer? . . .

Everlasting Life. O happy eternity! To live forever this blessed life, *forever, forever!* . . . There will be no more death: it is absorbed by life, like night by the day which has dawned. . . . This day without night, this unchangeable day, is enlightened by a sun which never sets, which is fixed in its meridian . . . and eternally immutable, like truth, like God Himself . . . because this sun of life and of eternal light is no other than God Himself. . . .

Life Everlasting. Ought I not secure the possession of such a blessing, the Supreme Good, the

blessing of blessings, at the cost of the present life, which is so short? . . . at the cost of every sacrifice, at the cost of all the advantages of this world? . . . It is the *precious pearl* of which the Saviour speaks. *The merchant seeking good pearls*, who knows their value; *when he had found one of great price, sold all he had and bought it* . . . (Matt. xiii. 46).

Life Everlasting. It is the more urgent for us to secure it at any price; because if we do not enter into life everlasting, we must necessarily fall into everlasting death. . . . There is no medium. *Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and he that shall lose his life for my sake, shall find it* (Matt. xvi. 25).

Life Everlasting is the life of heaven. But to enter heaven we must render ourselves worthy of it, we must prepare ourselves on earth by the beginning of a heavenly life . . . after the pattern of the heavenly man, Jesus Christ, who came down to teach it to us. *As the first Adam was of the earth, earthly, his children are also earthly; and as the second Adam* (Jesus Christ) *is from heaven, heavenly, his children are also heavenly. Therefore, as we have borne the image of the earthly, let us bear also the image of the heavenly.* (1 Cor. xv. 47, seqq.)

Life Everlasting. The condition essentially requisite for obtaining eternal life is the observance of the law, a hatred of iniquity. . . . *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments* (Matt. xix. 17). *Every tree that yieldeth not good fruit, shall be cut down, and shall be cast into the fire* (Matt. vii. 19). . . . In vain they will say to me on the day of judgment, they have invoked my name; even if they had cast out devils and wrought miracles in my name, but have not done the will of my Father, I will reject them, saying: *I never knew you: depart from me, you that work iniquity* (Matt. vii. 23).

Life Everlasting has its degrees: because the Saviour came amongst men *that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly* (John, x. 10). . . . In another place He calls this abundance of glorious life a treasure in heaven: *If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor; and thou shalt have treasure in heaven* (Matt. xix. 21).

THE PRAYER OF ST. IGNATIUS.

"ANIMA CHRISTI."

Soul of Christ, sanctify me.
Body of Christ, save me.
Blood of Christ, inebriate me.
Water flowing from the side of Christ, cleanse me.
Passion of Christ, strengthen me.
O good Jesus, hear me:
Hide me in thy sacred wounds:
Never permit me to be separated from Thee:
From the enemy of my soul, deliver me:
In the hour of my death, call me,
And bid me to come to Thee,
Where, with the angels and saints,
I may praise Thee for all eternity. Amen.

SOUL OF JESUS CHRIST, SANCTIFY ME.

Most holy soul of Jesus Christ, model and source of our sanctification, make me holy by communicating to my soul a sanctity like your own.

Soul of Christ. The soul of the Saviour is

the noblest part of his sacred humanity. The Son of God, who from all eternity possessed the divine nature, became man by uniting to his divine person a second nature, our human nature, composed, like that of other men, of a soul and a body. . . . He united Himself to this nature in the same manner as we are united to our nature: it is his, it is the soul, it is the body of the Son of God, as our souls and bodies are ours. . . . From this we may understand that the humanity of Jesus Christ has been sanctified as the humanity of a God should be. United to the very source of all holiness, it has received the plenitude of sanctity and grace: a plenitude which has no other limits than the essentially finite capacity of a created nature. . . . This is what made St. John say that *God doth not give the Spirit by measure* (John, iii. 34); *and of his fulness we all have received, and grace* for grace (John, i. 16). It is, then, the soul of Jesus Christ which is the principal seat of this ineffable grace and sanctity. . . .

Soul of Christ. . . . If every human soul, made to the image of God, is of an incomparable dignity and beauty, what must we think of the soul of the Son of God, the most beautiful, the most perfect which has ever been created? . . .

What must be its beauty, enriched as it is with all natural perfections and with all the treasures of grace? . . .

Soul of Christ. The beauty of this holy soul was manifested by its aversion to sin . . . by its love for men . . . by its humility, its kindness, and by that ineffable charity which caused it to be immolated for us. Was there ever so beautiful so strong, so generous a soul? . . .

Soul of Christ. During the mortal life of the Man-God, this beautiful soul was hidden under the humblest exterior: all the beauty of the King of glory was in the interior. . . . But his Heavenly Father saw it shining in all its splendour when He said: *This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased* . . . (Matt. iii. 17). Jesus Himself was pleased to reveal a portion of it to three of his disciples in the mystery of his Transfiguration, by allowing his body to become suddenly resplendent like the sun. . . . Now that Jesus Christ is seated at the right hand of the Father, this beauty shines with increased brilliancy before the saints in heaven. . . .

Soul of Christ. This soul is holy in all its faculties: its memory is an open book, wherein are inscribed the benefits and mercies of God . . .

its understanding a luminous picture of all truth and knowledge, a mirror of the holiest thoughts . . . its will a furnace of charity, love of God, hatred of sin: in fine, of that unspeakable charity which is the principle of every virtue. . . .

Soul of Christ. This holy soul has suffered for us, and to merit for us the sanctification of our souls. . . . It has been sorrowful unto death at the sight of our sins, at the sight of so many souls who will be lost. . . . It has suffered unspeakable torments from those who were dearest to it. . . . It has suffered unutterable outrages in its honour. . . . It has suffered a darkness of desolation in its spiritual affections, which caused it to exclaim: *My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?* . . .

Soul of Christ, sanctify me. Jesus Christ is our Model: we ought to resemble Him, *conformes fieri imaginis Filii sui* (Rom. viii. 29), by dying to ourselves that He may live in us. . . . May we be able one day to say with St. Paul: *I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me!* . . . (Gal. ii. 20.) Vouchsafe, then, Lord Jesus, to sanctify my memory by the remembrance of your benefits; my understanding by the knowledge of your law, and by thoughts like your own . . . my will by

repentance for my faults, by a hatred and detestation of sin, by love of God and my neighbour, by obedience and perfect conformity to the divine will. . . . May I forget myself and all else, that I may think only of you, love only you, and live for you alone. . . .

Soul of Christ, sanctify me: yes, *me*, who ought to be so holy, and am yet so far removed from perfection. . . .

Soul of Christ, sanctify me. Vouchsafe to sanctify me by enabling me to employ profitably the means of sanctification, the exercises and practices calculated to purify my soul from its stains . . . to enrich it, to adorn it more and more with the virtues which are its ornament. . . .

BODY OF CHRIST, SAVE ME.

The adorable body of Jesus Christ has been immolated on the cross for my redemption, and continues to be offered in an unbloody manner on the Eucharistic Altar, to apply to my soul the fruits of that redemption. It is by this Divine Body, the instrument of our salvation, that we ask to be saved.

Body of Christ. How holy is this body, formed of the pure blood of a Virgin by the operation

of the Holy Ghost; it is the ark, the sanctuary, the living temple of the Divinity! . . . *For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead corporally* (Col. ii. 9).

Body of Christ. This body, already so holy by the hypostatic union with the person of the Word, was sanctified again in an unspeakable manner by Jesus Christ during the course of his mortal life: He made it an instrument for the exercise of every virtue. . . . What perfection in the employment of his senses! . . . He sanctified his hands by labour . . . his feet by the frequentation of the Temple and by his missionary journeys . . . his heart by the holiest affections . . . his eyes by modesty, and by the compassionate looks He bestowed upon the suffering . . . his ears by attention to the groans of the unfortunate . . . his mouth, his lips, by prayer and holy words . . . and even by silence when necessary . . . in a word, all the senses and powers of his body, exhausting them in the service of his Father and for the salvation of men. . . .

Body of Christ. He sanctified this body in an especial manner by immolating it for the salvation of the world. He made it a living victim, a holocaust, offered to his Father in satisfaction

for the sins of the world. *Therefore, coming into the world* He said to his Father: *Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not, but a body Thou hast fitted to me. Holocausts for sin* (offered in the Old Law) *did not please Thee; then I said: Behold I come, in the head of the book it is written of me that I should do thy will, O God* (by offering my body in sacrifice for the sins of the world) . . . (Heb. x. 5, seqq.)

Body of Christ. He sanctified his adorable body by the sufferings of his Passion: his adorable head, his hands and feet, his side, all his flesh, all his senses . . . were tortured for the salvation of men and for the glory of his Father. . . .

Body of Christ. He sanctified his body by giving it as food to his disciples in the adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist. . . .

Body of Christ. This holy body, this instrument in the exercise of every virtue, which was humbled, annihilated before his Father, for our sake, was afterwards glorified on the day of the Resurrection. . . . *He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross; For which cause God also hath exalted Him, and hath given Him a name which is above all names* (Philip. ii. 9).

Save me. Ah, yes! *me*, who have so often merited hell . . . who am still in danger of perishing . . .

Save me. Yes, O Jesus! by your sanctity, by the merits of your adorable body, by the virtues of which it was the instrument, save me. Save me, by delivering me from the snares laid by this body of death which I carry about with me. . . . Aid me to triumph over the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride life, by imitating your humility, your spirit of labour, your flight of the world. . . .

Save me, by helping me to conquer my passions, and above all my predominant passion . . . to watch over my senses, to subjugate the flesh completely to the spirit, to acquire a perfect dominion over myself . . .

Save me, by assisting me to practise modesty, temperance, Christian mortification . . . *Always bearing about in our body* (after the example of the apostle), *the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies* (2 Cor. iv. 10).

Save me, by helping me to make my body, my members, and all my senses, instruments of patience, penance, labour, humility, charity. . . .

Alas! my eyes and my tongue, my head and my heart, my hands and my feet, have served as instruments of sin. . . . They must henceforth be consecrated to you entirely. . . . *Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, so as to obey the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of iniquity unto sin: but present yourselves to God as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of justice unto God* (Rom. vi. 12, 13).

Body of Christ, save me, by making me communicate worthily. Your divine flesh, O Jesus, worthily received at the Holy Table, intimately united to my corruptible flesh, will communicate to me its sanctity . . . its chastity, its strength, its spirit of labour, of devotedness, of mortification, of sacrifice . . . and your immortal flesh will sow in my mortal body the seeds of immortality. *He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up in the last day* (John, vi. 55).

BLOOD OF CHRIST, INEBRIATE ME.

Adorable blood, which the Man-God shed for my salvation, and which He gives me to drink in the Holy Eucharist, produce in my soul the holy inebriation of divine love.

Blood of Christ. Our Divine Master shed his blood for us in various ways and at different times. In his Circumcision, when He shed the first libation; then in the Garden of Olives, when the bitterness of his agony caused that singular sweat which, *like drops of blood*, covered all his members and *trickled down upon the ground* (Luke, xxii. 44); soon after, this Divine Blood flowed even more abundantly in the torments of his scourging, of his crowning with thorns, of his crucifixion . . . and lastly, on the cross, when it was poured out even to the last drop from the wounds of his hands, his feet, his side . . .

Blood of Christ. This blood, shed by the only Son of God, is the price of my *salvation. Knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible gold or silver, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled* (1 Pet. i. 18, 19).

Blood of Christ. The blood of a God, which has been spilt, speaks and cries out. . . . Its voice rises above that of the blood of Abel: it cries to heaven, asking mercy; it cries to earth, asking men to repent and love God. . . .

Blood of Christ. This Divine Blood shows us what sin is, which had to be washed away by the blood of the only Son of God. . . . Unhappy

the sinner who perseveres in his impenitence! This blood which he has trampled under foot during the time of mercy will cry out for vengeance against him for all eternity. . . .

Blood of Christ. This Divine Blood speaks to us of the great examples and virtues of the Saviour: it bears witness to his courage in the combat, his patience, his generosity . . . but above all, his love for us, a love which gives, which lavishes, not only its material goods, but even its blood and its life, for those it loves. . . . Who would not love a God who has loved us in this manner? . . .

Blood of Christ. It was not enough for Him to shed his blood for me: He has been pleased to make of it for me a potion of life and love in the eucharistic chalice. . . . Ah! how delicious is this inebriating chalice! *Calix meus inebrians quam præclarus est!* (Ps. xxii.) All the faithful drink this Divine Blood at the Holy Table . . . although communicating only under the species of bread: because faith teaches us that we receive as much under one species as under the two.

Blood of Christ, inebriate me. Divine Blood, fill my heart with love for Him who shed it for

me; communicate to my soul the inebriation of divine love . . . This holy exaltation which raises man above himself and makes another man of him, quite different from the earthly man. . . .

Inebriate me. This holy inebriation fills the heart with joy in everything relating to the service of God; in the most arduous labours, even in the midst of tribulations. . . . *I exceedingly abound with joy in all our tribulations* (2 Cor. vii. 4).

Inebriate me. This holy inebriation changes the weak and timid man into a powerful athlete, an invincible hero. It makes sufferings and fatigues count for nothing . . . it makes apostles and sustains them in their labours; it makes them triumph over every obstacle for the salvation of the souls whom Jesus Christ has redeemed at the price of his blood . . . It makes martyrs and renders them intrepid before tyrants; it makes them despise torments and death for Jesus crucified. . . .

Inebriate me. This holy inebriation changes all the ideas of man, and makes him prefer the poverty, sufferings, and opprobriums of Jesus Christ to all that the world loves and seeks after. . . . In the eyes of worldlings such a man has lost his reason, he is mad . . . it is indeed the folly of the cross: *Pereuntibus quidem stultitia est* (1 Cor. i. 18).

Inebriate me. Give me, O Lord, this holy exaltation, this ardent charity, which is more precious than any treasure. *Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench charity. If a man should give all the substance of his house for love, he shall despise it as nothing* (Cant. viii. 7).

Blood of Christ, inebriate me. To obtain this favour two conditions are requisite:—First, the remembrance of, and meditation on, the love of Jesus Christ for me . . . then the worthy reception of his Body and Blood in the sacrament of his love. . . .

WATER FLOWING FROM THE SIDE OF CHRIST, CLEANSE ME.

After the Saviour had breathed his last sigh upon the cross, a soldier pierced his side with a lance, and from thence flowed blood and water, which, without mingling together, formed two distinct streams. This wound of the side of Jesus Christ, and this double flood of blood and water, are explained by the Evangelist and by the Fathers of the Church as having a mystic signification. It is, they say, the Church issuing from the side of Jesus Christ, immolated for her

sake; the Church, coming forth from the Heart of her Divine Spouse, with the sacraments and the waters of grace which are to purify the world. When Moses struck the rock of Cades, and the water flowed in abundance, it was a mysterious figure of what was to be afterwards accomplished in the person of Christ, the divine rock, struck in his passion to shed on the world the waters of salvation.

Water flowing from the side of Christ, cleanse me. I ask of you, O Jesus, by your merits, by the wound of your sacred side, and by the mysterious water which flowed from it to wash my soul from all its stains; I conjure you to give it the perfect purity of which this water is the symbol. . . .

Water from the side of Christ. This water represents holy baptism, which effaces original sin and all actual sins committed before it, so as to give to the soul the perfect innocence of the children of God. . . .

Water from the side of Christ. This water represents also all the graces the Saviour has merited for us, and which tend to purify our souls and adorn them with virtues. . . . making them shine with that splendour of sanctity which St. John describes to us as a garment of dazzling

whiteness. *I saw*, said he, *a great multitude, which no man could number, standing before the throne of God, clothed in white robes: these are they*, added he, *who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb* (Apoc. vii. 9-14).

Water from the side of Christ. This water represents all the graces of which the adorable Heart of Jesus, and devotion to this Divine Heart are the source . . . *In that day there shall be a fountain open to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for the washing of the sinner* (Zach. xiii. 1).

Water flowing from the side of Christ, cleanse me. Ah, Lord! you see me, *me*, with all my miseries . . . you see how much I need purification, poor sinner as I am, stained with so many sins from my childhood up to the present day! . . . And if I have done some penance, I am far from being perfectly pure in your eyes. *Wash me then more and more from my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin.* (Ps. xl.)

Cleanse me. I require indeed to be cleansed before participating in your holy mysteries during life . . . and for being admitted amongst your saints in the next world. . . . *Who shall ascend into the*

mountain of the Lord; or who shall stand in his holy place? The innocent in hands and clean of heart (Ps. xxiii.)

Cleanse me. Enable me by your grace, O Jesus, to cleanse myself piously in the sacrament of penance. Grant me, above all, a true sorrow for my sins, and this contrite and humble heart which merits pardon in your eyes. . . . Strike my hardened heart with one of your merciful glances, and torrents of penitent tears will flow from my eyes. . . .

Cleanse me. Enable me by your grace to practise penance and Christian mortification . . . to expiate my past faults and avoid sin in future.

Cleanse me. Enable me by your grace to purify my soul by the waters of suffering and the tribulations of this life. . . . These tribulations, accepted in the spirit of penance, and in union with your passion, O Jesus, will serve to efface my stains and discharge my debts. . . .

Cleanse me, by inflaming me more and more with divine love. The salutary water from the Saviour's side does not quench the fire of charity: it only renders its flames more ardent and more efficacious, to consume the rust which tarnishes the brightness of the soul. . . .

PASSION OF CHRIST, STRENGTHEN ME.

We ask of Jesus, by the merits of his passion, and by the examples He has given us, to enable us to walk in his footsteps.

Passion of Christ. By the passion of the Saviour we mean the sufferings He endured in the last days of his mortal life, and which ended by his death on the cross. . . . We may contemplate Jesus in the Garden of Olives, in the house of Caiphas, in the judgment-hall of Pilate, in the palace of Herod, and finally on Calvary! . . .

Passion of Christ. The passion of our Saviour included sufferings of every kind in their highest degree . . . sadness, anguish, treasons, ingratitude, humiliations, contempt, false witness, outrages, derision, bodily sufferings . . . all were heaped upon Jesus, who is justly styled by the prophet a *Man of Sorrows.* He has drained the bitter chalice of every suffering. . . .

Passion of Christ. He has endured this passion for my salvation, through love for me . . . to expiate my sins . . . to merit for me every grace . . to give me an example of every virtue. . . .

Passion of Christ. O my suffering Jesus, carrying your cross to Calvary, strengthen my weakness that I may walk in your footsteps. . . . When I shall have to suffer interior trials, anguish, weariness . . . when I shall be calumniated, unjustly accused, condemned; when I shall be afflicted with corporal sufferings, with sickness, privations . . . then I will turn my eyes towards you, and the sight of your holy passion will give me resignation, strength, and courage to unite my well-merited crosses to the incomparable sufferings you have endured through pure love for me. . . .

Passion of Christ, strengthen me. It is *I*, yes, I, a weak, frail being . . . who require, who ask to be strengthened by you, O my God.

Passion of Christ, strengthen me. When I shall have to endure painful labours, hard trials, violent temptations . . . when I shall no longer have strength to obey, to humble myself, to conquer my repugnances . . . it is to you, O my suffering Jesus, that I shall have recourse; you will fortify me and render me victorious.

Passion of Christ, strengthen me. In order to be strengthened by the passion of Jesus Christ, I shall always have before my eyes his holy image,

the image of the crucifix . . . I shall make his sufferings the frequent subject of my meditations . . . I shall practise as much as possible the salutary devotion of the Way of the Cross . . . lastly, I shall assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as at the unbloody renewal of the death of my Saviour on the cross. . . .

GOOD JESUS, HEAR ME.

Moved by the goodness of your Divine Heart, in which I place all my confidence, I earnestly beg of you, O Jesus, to hear my humble prayers.

Jesus. Ah! this consoling name, which signifies *Saviour*, and which you have so perfectly verified, inspires me with boundless confidence. . . . The name of Jesus! . . . how sweet it is to pronounce it, to repeat it with love and respect! Jesus! This name alone is a prayer; it is the sweetest, the shortest, the most beautiful of prayers. . .

Good Jesus. You are all goodness, O Jesus, as you are all love and charity. . . . You are the good Shepherd giving your life for your sheep, you are the good Samaritan binding the wounds of the unfortunate traveller; you are the good Master, the consoler . . . calling to you all who suffer, all who are afflicted, to comfort them . . .

you are the kind Father of the prodigal, receiving, folding in your arms your repentant son. . . . You are the good King, inviting to your table the poor and humble . . . your goodness is an inexhaustible spring, always open to us. You know not how to refuse our petitions. . . . You give life, eternal life; you even go so far as to give yourself, to make your own flesh the nourishment of your children! . . .

Good Jesus. Jesus, full of goodness towards all men, above all, towards poor sinners . . . I come to you with entire confidence.

Good Jesus. Your goodness alone, O Jesus, gives me a claim to be heard; I find no merit in myself. What else is there in me but your benefits and my sins? . . . No, I have nothing upon which to ground my confidence; I rely solely on your goodness: O Jesus, by your infinite goodness, hear me. . . .

Hear me, who am so poor and needy, and whose very wretchedness ought to attract your compassionate regards. . . .

Hear me: ah! do not delay, my wants are too urgent. I urge and insist . . . I would importune you, do you violence by my supplications, knowing that these earnest, persevering prayers are pleasing

to your paternal Heart, and that you always hear them. . . .

HIDE ME IN YOUR SACRED WOUNDS.

By the sacred wounds you have received for me, O my Saviour, and by the mysterious marks you still bear in your glorified Body, protect me from all danger, from all evil both in this life and in the next. . . . May I be sheltered in your sacred wounds like the dove in the holes of the rock. . . .

In your wounds. The Saviour has merited for us the cure of our wounds by his own sacred wounds; and by the blows He received has merited that we should not be struck. . . . Hence, these wounds are called in a figurative sense sacred retreats, asylums for our souls. . . . *Jesus Christ*, as St. Paul says, *is the mysterious rock*, which Moses was commanded to strike with his rod in the desert before all the people of Israel (Num. xx. 11; 1 Cor. x. 4). This rock not only gave out torrents of living waters, but opened also in its side hidden retreats, holy asylums, refuges for our souls: *Petra refugium herinaceis*, the caverns of the rock are refuges for timid creatures. *Come*,

O my dove, in the clifts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall. . . . (Cant. ii. 14.)

In your wounds. How numerous were the wounds of my Saviour! . . . He was covered with bruises from head to foot. But there are five which especially attract our notice: they are the wounds of his hands, of his feet, and of his side. These the Church honours with a special worship. . . . They prove to us the love of our Divine Master. . . but at the same time they give us an instructive lesson. They show us, on the one hand that we must atone for the sins we commit by our members and by our hearts . . . and on the other hand, that we must sanctify these same organs by making them the instruments of our good works.

Hide me in these mysterious asylums, and protect *me*, who have so often provoked your anger, against the terrors of Divine Justice. . . . Alas! I shall soon appear before my Judge to receive the reward or chastisement of my works. . . . What are these works? . . . Have I not everything to fear as far as I am concerned? . . . Ah! my Jesus, all my confidence is in you, and in your adorable wounds. . . .

Hide me. Protect me against the storms of this life . . . They are my passions—pride, anger,

sensuality, voluptuousness, with all their seductions. . . . But in your wounds, O my Jesus, provided I take refuge there in the spirit of humility and of faith, I shall be sheltered from every attack, and shall repose tranquilly. . . .

Hide me. Protect me against the devil, the world, and myself. . . . Our enemies assume every shape: they are roaring lions, crafty serpents, disguised robbers who would plunder us, poison us, devour us. . . . Jesus alone can protect us; and He will protect us if we fly to his adorable wounds.

Hide me. It is there I shall go to recollect myself and seek encouragement amidst the dissipations, troubles, fears, and thousand vicissitudes of life. . . . There I can devote myself to prayer and holy meditation on the eternal truths. . . .

Hide me. In order more easily to gain admittance into these holy asylums, I shall make a resolution to fly the world and its vanities . . . to reserve some moments during the day for prayer, to call frequently to mind my good resolutions, to have always before my eyes the passion of my Saviour, to follow, at least sometimes, the Stations of the Cross. . . .

DO NOT PERMIT ME EVER TO BE SEPARATED FROM THEE.

Who then, says the Apostle, *shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution or the sword. . . . But in all these things we overcome, because of Him that hath loved us . . . and nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.* (Rom viii. 35, & seqq.).

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee. The Christian is united to Jesus Christ as the branch to the vine: *I am the vine*, says He, *you the branches* (John, xv. 5).

This union, or rather this insertion, this spiritual grafting takes place in holy baptism by the sanctifying grace conferred on the person baptised, and by the charity diffused in his soul he is incorporated with Jesus Christ, united to Him in the most intimate manner. . . . If he loses grace by mortal sin he is separated from Him . . . and then he incurs in this world the enmity of God, and in the next he is cast into hell, to become the prey of a fire which will never be extinguished. Our Saviour explains this by these words: *I am*

the vine: you the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for without me you can do nothing. If anyone abide not in me, he shall be cast forth as a branch, and shall wither; and they shall gather him up and cast him into the fire, and he burneth (John, xv. 5).

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee. Besides the essential union of sanctifying grace and charity, there is a secondary union, which consists in the exercise and the works of charity. We remain united to Jesus Christ by prayer, by the sacraments, above all, by the holy sacrament of the Eucharist, and generally by every exercise of faith and piety. . . . Moreover, we unite ourselves to Jesus Christ by conforming our will to his and to that of his Father . . . by rendering Him obedience in the person of our superiors . . . by loving Him in the person of our neighbour, and of the Church, his mystic spouse . . . In fine, by accepting our crosses and uniting them to his.

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee. Union with Jesus Christ is the supreme good, the perfection of the Christian. In this life it is peace, strength, sanctity . . . in the next glory and beatitude. In Jesus Christ we possess all; out of Him there is nothing but darkness and death. . . .

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee after death. What a thunderbolt is that sentence: *Depart from me . . . ye cursed. . . .* It will never be addressed to those who shall have relieved Jesus Christ in the person of his poor. . . .

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee in this life by mortal sin, by forgetfulness of prayer, by neglect of the sacraments. . . .

Do not permit me ever to be separated from Thee. May I rather be separated from the whole world, and from all that is dearest to me here below, than from you, O Jesus, my God and my all. May I suffer every misfortune rather than a separation which would be the supreme evil! . . . What would become of me without you, O my Jesus? Where should I go if I forsook you? . . . *Lord, to whom shall we go?* said St. Peter; *Thou hast the words of eternal life* (John, vi. 69).

Do not permit. . . . Our good Jesus will not permit it, if on my side I do not displease Him by my ingratitude, if I do not rashly expose myself to the occasion of sin by dangerous reading or bad company . . . if I do not forsake the society of the servants of God to join that of the impious . . . if I do not grow remiss in my exercises of

piety, which like salutary bonds keep me united to Jesus Christ.

FROM THE ENEMY OF MY SOUL DELIVER ME.

This enemy, the chief enemy of man, is the devil, whose malice has no bounds, who furiously pursues souls to their destruction, and who, alas! only succeeds too well when they withdraw from Jesus Christ. . . .

From the enemy of my soul. This enemy is the spirit of lying, of error, of heresy, of impiety, of incredulity. . . . He attacks especially the intelligence, the understanding, because if he succeeds in corrupting and making himself master thereof, he possesses the whole man. Hence the opposition of his agents to the teaching mission of the Church . . . hence their zeal in disseminating wicked doctrines by means of the infidel press and godless education. . . .

From the enemy of my soul. The wicked spirit does not always attack the understanding directly: he often tries subterfuges, and makes use of the love of riches and honours to triumph over those who are strong in faith.

From the enemy of my soul. The object of our enemy is to destroy the souls redeemed by the

blood of Jesus Christ: to ruin them both in this world and in the next. . . . In this life he destroys souls by sin, which makes them unhappy enemies of God . . . because *there is no peace*, no happiness, *to the wicked* (Isai. xlviii. 22). In eternity he completes their ruin by casting them into the flames of hell. . . .

From the enemy of my soul. He does all the injury he can to souls. If he sees them fervent, he endeavours to make them tepid . . . if they are tepid, he tries to weaken them so as to make them fall into mortal sin . . . if they are already in the abyss of mortal sin, he plunges them still deeper, and chains them as fast as he can to prevent their rising. . . .

Deliver me from his violence, his seductions, and his snares. . . . They are the love of the things of this world, the allurements of pleasure, human respect, the errors and persecutions of the age. . . .

Deliver me. Without you, O my Jesus, *I*, who am so weak, could never hold out against so formidable an enemy . . . but with your help I have nothing to fear. *The Lord is the protector of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? No, if armies in camp should stand together against me, my heart shall not*

fear. . . . Though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me. (Ps. xxvi. xxii.)

Deliver me. I am sure of your powerful protection, O Lord, provided I do not expose myself to danger, and that I persevere in prayer. . . . *Watch ye, and pray, that ye enter not into temptation* (Matt. xxvi. 41).

Deliver me, O Jesus, by the virtue of your holy name, which I shall always invoke . . . by the Blessed Virgin Mary, your Mother, whom you have given me for a Mother and protectress . . . by my good angel whom you have appointed to watch over me. . . .

Deliver me from the enemy of my soul during life, which is an unceasing warfare against temptation; for the devil knows neither truce nor mercy. . . .

Deliver me, above all, at the hour of death, when this wicked spirit redoubles his fury, *knowing that he hath but a short time* (Apoc. xii. 12).

AT THE HOUR OF MY DEATH CALL ME.

At the hour of my death, when all my labours will be at an end, call me, O Jesus, like a faithful servant to my reward.

At the hour of my death. This hour will come

. . . It will come either suddenly, or preceded by an illness, the forerunner of my approaching dissolution. . . . This hour will come quickly, because time passes rapidly. The years already gone by teach me how those which still remain to me will pass. And perhaps very few remain. . . . *Watch ye, therefore,* says the Lord; *because you know not the day nor the hour* (Matt. xxv. 13).

At the hour of my death. This hour, so terrible for the sinner, is sweet and consoling for the just man . . . it is the end of his labours, of his tribulations: *For winter is now past, the rain is over and gone* (Cant. ii. 11). It is the golden gate which admits him to paradise. . . .

At the hour of my death. In order that my death may be like that of the just, precious in the eyes of the Lord, I ought to prepare myself for it according to the Saviour's warning . . . and have it always before my eyes in all the actions of my life. . . .

At the hour of my death. What a consolation in that supreme hour to have been preparing for it during a whole lifetime! . . . What a happiness to be able to say with the Apostle, in looking back upon the past: *The time of my dissolution is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished*

my course; I have kept the faith. As to the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice (2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8).

At the hour of my death. In order to enjoy this happiness at my death, I must make haste to expiate my sins, and pay all the debts I owe to the Divine Justice. . . . I must, besides, by a life of labour and good works, lay up for myself a treasure in heaven. . . .

At the hour of my death. To sanctify perfectly my last moments, and to adorn my soul like a bride for her heavenly Bridegroom, I must prepare myself to receive the sacraments which Jesus Christ has instituted for that end. . . .

At the hour of my death call me. Call me, Lord, as a servant to receive my reward; as the father of the family in the Gospel parable called the labourers of the vineyard to pay them the wages agreed on. . . . Ah! the reward will be great even for the least works: *For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory* (2 Cor. iv. 17).

Call me to Thee, then like those faithful servants who were diligent in increasing their masters's fortune during his absence. . . . On his return He

calls them; and seeing the fruit of their labour and their fidelity, He says to each one: *Well done, good and faithful servant: because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord* (Matt. xxv. 21).

AND BID ME TO COME TO THEE.

Cause me to come to you in heaven, the dwelling of your glory.

Bid me to come to Thee. At the end of my earthly career, say to me those consoling words: Come, faithful servant, come from the land of your exile, from the enemy's country where you have fought for me, but far from me; come now to me, that I may embrace you, that I may crown you.

Bid me to come to Thee. In the Book of Canticles, the Divine Spouse says to the holy soul, his cherished bride: *Arise, my love, and come*: *my dove, in the clifts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall, show me thy face, let thy voice sound in my ears: for thy voice is sweet, and thy face comely. Come from Libanus, my spouse, thou shalt be crowned from the top of Amana, from the top of Sanir and Hermon, from the dens of the lions, from the mountains of the leopards* (Cant. ii. 14; iv. 8). Happy the soul

which merits to be greeted by the heavenly Bridegroom with these words!

Bid me to come to Thee. Yes, *to Thee* who are my Master, my Saviour, and my all . . . to Thee whom I love and serve now without seeing . . . but whom I shall then behold *with an unspeakable joy* (1 Pet. i. 8).

Bid me to come to Thee, and to see you, O my Sovereign Benefactor, to whom I am indebted for life and every other blessing. . . . Grant me to behold you, to express to you in a more perfect manner my eternal gratitude. . . .

Bid me to come to Thee, to you the only Son of God, clothed with our nature, to you who are the most beautiful of the children of men . . . to you whose countenance I have never yet been permitted to behold, and whom I have only seen under veils. . . . Ah! grant me at length to see you face to face! My amiable Jesus, *show me thy face, let thy voice sound in my ears: for thy voice is sweet, and thy face comely* (Cant. ii. 14).

Bid me to come to Thee, to see you more clearly than your disciples on Thabor, or in the Cenacle after your resurrection. . . . *The disciples, therefore, were glad when they saw the Lord* (John, xx. 20).

Bid me to come to Thee . . . to my Divine Master . . . cause *me* to come who am the poorest, the most unworthy of your servants . . . who have no other merit than faith and boundless confidence in your Precious Blood, which effaces all the stains of repentant sinners. . . .

Bid me to come to Thee, to be introduced into your kingdom, to dwell forever with you in your heavenly mansion. . . . You yourself have said: *Where I am there also shall my minister be* (John, xii. 26). Ah! sweet Jesus, say to me according to your promise these consoling words; *Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom which is prepared for you* (Matt. xxv. 34).

Oh! what an unspeakable happiness, then, to be able to fly to the embraces of my Jesus! . . .

WHERE IN THE SOCIETY OF THE SAINTS.

In the kingdom of heaven all will be saints. Here below tares are mixed with the good grain, and the greatest trials of the just come from the wicked who surround them. . . . It is true the faithful have learned from their Divine Master to band together in his name and withdraw from a perverse world; but they can only do it

very imperfectly. As long as they are on this earth they must live with the enemies of God, suffer their oppressions and the sad spectacle of their crimes. . . . In the kingdom of God all this will be changed: there will be no more sins, no more injustices, no more sinners nor ungodly. . . . It is the kingdom of pure sanctity, of truth, of charity; *Sola regnat charitas.*

In the Society of the Saints. Oh! what a blessed society! . . . How sweet it is to converse with a friend whose affection and amiability equal his knowledge and virtue! . . . But if the society of a true friend on earth has so many charms, what will it be to be surrounded by countless friends, whose perfection infinitely surpasses that of th most accomplished mortal men? . . . If a single saint from heaven were to appear visibly to me on earth, and deign to converse with me for a short time, he would render me happy for the remainder of my life. What will it be when I shall be in the company of all the saints? . . .

In the Society of the Saints: they are the angels and their admirable hierarchies. *I saw an angel,* says St. John, *come down from heaven, and the earth was enlightened with his glory* . . . (Apoc. xviii. 1). Who shall describe the beauty, the

splendour of these princes of the heavenly court? . . . their countless multitude, the fires of their charity, the entrancing harmony of their concerts? . . . And yet, I, a poor human creature, but transformed in glory, shall be received by them as a fellow-citizen, as a friend, a beloved brother! O God, what a happiness, what a new life! . . .

In the Society of the Saints. My Angel Guardian, this faithful friend, who, invisible to my mortal eyes, accompanies me in all my ways on earth, and heaps upon me a thousand benefits, will be the first to greet me. . . . O heavens! with what rapture shall I behold him and express my heartfelt gratitude! . . . Oh, manifestation more delightful than that of Raphael to Tobias, and which will have no end! . . .

In the Society of the Saints. After the angels, these pure spirits created to people heaven, I shall see also an immense multitude of the children of men, become children of God and associates of the angels in the kingdom of their Father. . . . They are the *élite*, the flower of humanity: the mercy of the Lord has gathered them from countless generations and nations, like grains of gold, like precious stones scattered amidst the sands of the desert. The saints of the Old Law, Abraham

Isaac, and Jacob, Moses, David, Elias, all the patriarchs, all the prophets, will be there; I shall see them, I shall speak to them, I shall have the happiness of living with them. . . . . . .

In the Society of the Saints. I shall see the saints of the New Law, the apostles, the martyrs, the doctors, whose writings we read, whose examples we admire, whose relics we venerate, whose intercession we invoke. . . . I shall see the Apostle St. Peter, the great St. Paul, the generous St. Stephen, and all the martyrs who have followed him . . . the illustrious St. Augustine, and many other lights of the Church. . . . I shall see St. Benedict and the countless religious whom he formed to holiness. . . . I shall see St. Ignatius, burning with zeal for the glory of God, St. Francis Xavier, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. Stanislaus, Blessed John Berchmans. . . . I shall see them, I shall be received among them as a colleague, a friend, a brother. . . . O God, what an ecstasy of happiness!

In the Society of the Saints. I shall see St. Joseph, the glorious spouse of the purest of Virgins. . . . I shall see the Virgin Mary herself. . . . I shall contemplate them, not in a passing vision, but as a child sees his father and mother

whom he never leaves. . . . O happiness! O glory! O exaltation of human littleness which would appear fabulous, if it were not the work of the mercy of God, and the fruit of his Blood which has been spilt! . . .

I MAY PRAISE THEE FOR ALL ETERNITY.

In union with all the saints, with all the heavenly court, I shall praise Thee, O Jesus Christ, the Author of my salvation, together with the Father and the Holy Ghost, in the endless ages of eternity.

I may praise Thee. I shall praise you, O Jesus, *by singing your mercies for ever* (Ps. lviii.); I shall praise your unspeakable benefits, which I shall then see without cloud, in all their immensity, whose inestimable value I shall understand. . . . What will be my gratitude, what will be my love at the sight of your glorious wounds . . . at the distant view of the terrible damnation from which you have snatched me! . . .

I shall praise you, O Jesus, by admiring, by celebrating your personal glory, when I shall see you, O my Sovereign, in the splendour of your kingdom. . . .

I shall praise you, O Jesus Christ, when I shall

see unveiled the hidden treasures of your humanity and your divinity . . . when I shall understand the mysteries you have revealed, and which I now believe in the darkness of faith. . . . Ah! what will be the transports of my soul on beholding you, O my Jesus, with all your mysteries revealed in the brightness of glory? She will burst forth in benedictions and praises! . . . Then she will intone the canticle of the Virgin Mary: *Magnificat anima mea Dominum!* Yes, my soul will then glorify the Lord with the sentiments, with the accents of the Mother of God.

I shall praise you, O Jesus Christ, *you* my Saviour, my King . . . and by you, the Father and the Holy Ghost, with whom you are one only God in the ages of eternity.

For all Eternity. O blessed eternity! O beatitude sacred for ever! . . . There will be no more fears, no more deaths, no more time passing, no more days declining, no more hours gliding away . . . The clock of paradise is motionless: it marks an eternal *ever* . . . as that of hell marks an eternal *never* . . .

For all Eternity. O eternal years, always beginning, always continuing their course, because their inexhaustible source is God Him-

self! . . . As long as God shall be God, I will bless Him in an ecstasy of love and unspeakable joy, because He is worthy of benediction. *Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory, and honour, and power. The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and benediction* (Apoc. iv. 11; v. 12).

For all Eternity. O most happy mansion of the city above! O most bright day of eternity which knows no night, but is always enlightened by the Sovereign Truth! a day always joyful, always secure, and never changing its state for the contrary! Oh! that this day would shine upon us, and all those temporal things were at an end (Imit. iii. 48). *And night shall be no more; and they shall not need the light of the lamp, nor the light of the sun; for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof* (Apoc. xxii. 5; xxi. 23).

THE SALVE REGINA.

The prayer *Salve Regina* is an anthem in honour of the Blessed Virgin, which has been employed by the Catholic Church for several centuries. It has been ascribed to different authors, such as Peter, Bishop of Santiago di Compostella, in the tenth century; and Herman Contractus in the eleventh century. The chronicle of Spires says that St. Bernard, being in that town in quality of apostolic legate, added these last words: O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary! and thus gave to this beautiful anthem the definitive form it has preserved to our days. The same St. Bernard has clearly explained the words in his works, insisting principally on the clemency and power of Mary, whom we invoke in this simple and sublime prayer.

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope!

To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve;

To thee do we send up our sighs, mourning weeping in this vale of tears.

Turn then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us;

And after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary.

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope!

This preamble is an act of praise, serving as introduction to the prayer which follows.

Hail, holy Queen! I prostrate myself at your feet, O Queen of heaven, to offer you my homage! . . . Although most unworthy of appearing in your presence, I come to you with confidence, because I know your unspeakable goodness. What a happiness for me, a poor sinner, to be able to speak to the august Mother of God, who hears me, and sees me present before her! . . . Yes, holy Virgin, although raised to the highest heavens, you see me, you hear me in the divine essence . . . In this living mirror of the universe I am nearer to you than a child is to its mother, when kneeling at her feet; I am more intimately present to you than to myself . . . *Hail!* Receive my tribute of respect, of congratulation, of filial love and gratitude . . . and of boundless confidence

Holy Queen! Incomparable Queen, raised above all the queens of this world; O Mary, the most illustrious princesses glory in singing your praises... *Viderunt eam* ... *reginæ et laudaverunt eam*, queens have regarded her with admiration, and have celebrated her praises (Cant. vi. 8).

Hail, holy Queen! O glorious Queen, your majesty is great like that of the King of glory, who has deigned to share with you his sovereignty. This Divine Solomon has *placed near his throne, another throne, destined for his Mother; a throne was set for the King's mother, and she sat on his right hand* (3 Reg. ii. 19). O august Sovereign, all the glory of Christ is reflected in you ... He is the sun of the spiritual world, you are the mysterious moon: clothed with the brightness of the sun; you shine with incomparable beauty amidst all the stars of the firmament ...

Hail, holy Queen! O admirable Queen, where are your states, where is your kingdom? .. Ah! your kingdom is that of Christ ... You are the Queen of the universe, the Queen of angels and of men; the Queen of the kingdom of heaven, that is to say, of the Church of Jesus Christ: of the Church militant on earth, and of the Church triumphant in heaven ...

Hail, holy Queen! Queen of the Church militant, you protect it, you march at its head, *terrible as an army set in array* (Cant. vi. 9). *You crush with your virginal foot the serpent's head, you triumph over heresy throughout the entire world.* (Liturg.)

Hail, holy Queen! Queen of the Church triumphant, of the heavenly Jerusalem, where the angels and saints dwell. These shining legions, these immense multitudes from every tribe, and tongue, and nation; these countless children of God, clothed in robes of dazzling brightness; all the elect, in fine, acknowledge you, O Mary, for their Queen . . you are the Queen of all the saints . . .

Hail, holy Queen! Your glory, O Queen of heaven, is equal to your majesty, to the treasures of grace, to the plenitude of grace with which you were filled. . . . O woman clothed with the sun, crowned with a diadem of stars, your beauty is the ornament, the admiration of the heavenly court, it charms the heart of the king: *The king shall desire thy beauty.* (Ps. xliv.):

Mother of Mercy. . . . Your title of Mother, O Mary, is inseparably united to your sovereignty . . . you are a Mother, but an incomparable, ad-

mirable Mother: Mother and Virgin together, Mother of Christ, Mother of God. . . .

Mother. You are also our Mother. Our dying Jesus said to the Beloved Disciple, and in his person to all his disciples: *Behold thy Mother.* This word of a God cannot deceive us; you are all that it expresses, O Mary, you are our Mother. . . . You have, then, towards each one of us a maternal heart of unequalled tenderness. Happy those who come to you with the confidence of little children! . . . *Si quis est parvulus, veniat ad me*—Whosoever is a little one let him come to me (Prov. ix. 4).

Mother. Oh! how powerful is this Mother, the Queen of heaven! When she presents herself before her God and her Son, ah! a far better Son than Solomon . . . He bows with respect saying: *My Mother, ask, for I must not turn away thy face* (3 Reg. ii. 20).

Mother of Mercy. What a consolation for us! Our powerful Queen only uses her influence to perform works of kindness, of mercy. . . .

Mother of Mercy. Behold, O my Mother, your ruling characteristic: it is mercy, compassion, benevolence towards the weak, the poor, the suffering. . . . You are a Mother of *mercy*, this is more suitable and pleasing to you than

that of Mother of *glory*. . . O merciful Mother, how sensible your heart is to the state of your children on earth, and surely such miserable children stand in need of a Mother of mercy. . .

Mother of Mercy. O Mary, you have a heart like that of your Divine Son, who is all mercy, calling to Him all the suffering and the weary, healing all their wounds, curing all their infirmities. . .

Mother of Mercy. Behold the corporal . . . but above all behold the spiritual miseries . . . of your children. Be to us a Mother of mercy during life, and especially at the hour of death. *Mary, Mother of grace, Mother of mercy, protect us against the enemy, receive us at the hour of our death* (Ritual).

Mother of Mercy. Poor sinner that I am, unworthy of the mercy of God, I still find a refuge in you, O Mary, you are the refuge of sinners. . .

Mother of mercy, may your children imitate you: may we be like you, full of charity, mercy, kindness. . . .

Our Life. You are *our life*, O Virgin Mother of God; on account of the ineffable bonds which unite you to Jesus, you are, by a mysterious participation, all that He is by nature. . . Jesus

is our life, the life of grace and glory, because He is not only its principal, but also its meritorious cause: you are in like manner our life, because you obtain it for us by your maternal intercession. . . . Jesus is the source and ocean of that life; you are, O Mary, the channel by which it flows into our souls . . . *Jesus was pleased that everything should come to us through Mary* (St. Bernard).

Our Life. The new Eve, you are the true *mother of the living;* because you have restored to us the life of which a guilty mother, the first Eve, deprived her children. . . .

Our Life. You are our life, O Mary, because you make our life sweet and happy. . . Without you we are, as it were, buried in sadness and misery, and our life resembles death; but your name makes us live again, the rays of your countenance have the same effect on us as the spring sunshine has upon nature. . .

Our Life. O holy Virgin, by you I shall live, I shall live the true life: a holy and Christian life . . . a life of virtues and good works here in this world . . . a life of eternal beatitude in the next. . . . It is only necessary for me to come to you with filial affection; *He that shall find me shall*

find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord (Prov. viii. 35).

Our sweetness. You are, O Mary, the sweetness of our souls, because you shed upon them the sweetness of peace, of grace, of charity, and the consolations of the Holy Spirit. . . .

Our Sweetness. You are our sweetness as a beloved mother is the sweetness of the family whose joy and delight she is; as Jesus, O tender Mother, was your sweetness and that of St. Joseph, in the house of Nazareth and in the exile of Egypt. . . .

Our Sweetness. O Mary, you sweeten all our bitterness. . . . You make us rejoice in the midst of tribulations, of pains, of labours. . . .

Our Sweetness. Your words, O Mary, have the sweetness of the most delicious honey, your heart that of the most tender charity; your eyes that of the mild rays of the sun which opens the flowers of spring. . . .

Our Sweetness. To taste your sweetness, O tender Mother, and the sweetness of Jesus, which is a foretaste of paradise, we must fly the false sweetness of this world, and dash from our lips its poisonous honey. . . .

Our Sweetness. We ought to be sweet, O Mary,

like you and your Son Jesus. All sharpness, all roughness ought to be banished from our hearts and from our lips . . . all sadness ought to disappear from our countenance. . . . You, O Mary, will teach us the sweetness of Jesus, you have so well understood this divine lesson: *Learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart.*

Our Hope. It is by your merciful and powerful intercession, O Queen of heaven, that we hope to obtain all the blessings which your Son has merited for us. . . .

Our Hope. You are, O Mary, the hope of the despairing: when all hope seems unavailing, we shall still hope in you, and we shall not be confounded. . . .

Our Hope: in perils, in storms, and shipwreck . . in calamities and distress, in sufferings and sickness . . . you are, O Mary, our hope. . . .

Our Hope. In temptations, in persecutions, in the midst of traps and snares . . . we shall place our confidence in you, O Mary.

Our Hope. By you, our Protectress, we hope to triumph over our vices and passions . . . by you we hope to die a holy death and to obtain the crown of eternal life. . . .

Our Hope. Seeing your goodness, O Queen

of heaven, I shall never lose courage. . . . Should I even have the misfortune to fall into an abyss, I am sure that you would still hold out to me a helping hand. . . .

Hail! Once more, O Queen, O beloved Mother, receive the homage of your servants, of your children!

TO THEE DO WE CRY, POOR BANISHED CHILDREN OF EVE.*

Guilty and unfortunate children of Eve, we come to ask assistance from you, whose power equals your goodness.

To thee do we cry. We implore your aid with confidence and fervour. Our prayer is not a simple petition; it is a cry of the heart; it is an earnest, pressing, reiterated, persevering prayer. . . . Such in a word, as is pleasing to you. . . .

To thee do we cry. It is not, O Holy Virgin, that you do not hear our voice, or that your goodness requires to be excited and importuned; no, but like your Divine Son, you seem at first not to hear us, to provoke, to inflame our desires, to excite our fervour, and to make us insist more perseveringly. . . . It was thus that Jesus did not appear

* This is the beginning of the prayer properly speaking, or of the supplication.

at first to hear the blind men of Jericho, that He did not seem to listen to, but rather to repulse the Canaanean woman . . . and nevertheless we see with what goodness He grants their prayer. . . .

To thee do we cry, O Virgin Mary, as the blind men of Jericho, as the ten lepers cried out to Jesus . . . and after the example of your Divine Son, you will cure our infirmities. . . .

To you, yes, O Mary, we cry to you who can, and will aid us with all your heart. . . . Ah! it is much better to address ourselves to you than to men. Unhappy those who, instead of having recourse to heaven, seek their consolation in the world and in sin! . . .

Banished. Guilty like Eve, we share her chastisement and her exile. Driven from the terrestrial paradise, stripped of original justice and of all the blessings destined by God for man in a state of innocence . . . we struggle through a life full of miseries until the inevitable catastrophe of our death arrives. . . .

Banished. Our life is an exile . . . not only because we have been banished from the terrestrial paradise; but also because we are still far from the celestial paradise, which is our true country. . . . There are our Father, our Mother,

our brethren, and all that is dear to our souls. *Woe is me,* cried the prophet, *that my sojourning is prolonged.* (Ps. cxix.)

Banished. Unhappy those who do not look upon this life as an exile . . . who attach themselves to its perishable goods, who would create for themselves a garden of delights, and build a permanent dwelling here below! . . . Alas! death will soon throw down this fragile edifice, and cast them into eternal exile. . . .

Children of Eve. Children of a guilty mother, whose sin and punishment we have inherited, we humbly acknowledge our misery. . . . O Immaculate Virgin, amongst all these children of wrath and of death, you alone are the daughter of life: have pity, then, on your unfortunate brethren. . . .

Children of Eve. Like her weak and frail . . . we have allowed ourselves to be seduced by the serpent, we would taste the forbidden fruit, the poisonous cup of pleasure. . . .

Children of Eve. Although regenerated by baptism, we still remain subject to concupiscence, which powerfully inclines us to evil . . . we stand in need of your assistance to resist its tendencies and remain obedient to God. . . .

TO THEE DO WE SEND UP OUR SIGHS, MOURNING AND WEEPING IN THIS VALLEY OF TEARS.

To thee do we send up our sighs, O Mother, in order that you may draw us towards you. From the depths of our exile, we sigh after our deliverance, after the goods of heaven.... When will the happy day arrive for me to quit this valley of tears and enter into the joy of my Master? . . .

To thee do we send up our sighs. Our sighs prove at the same time the weight of our miseries and the ardour of our desires. Yes, holy Virgin, we feel and acknowledge that we are poor, and weak, and infirm, and blind; that we are crushed by the burden of our miseries.... This humble confession is very pleasing to you: in your canticle you proclaim yourself that it is the humble, and those who know their poverty who merit to receive the gifts of God: *He hath exalted the humble, He hath filled the hungry with good things* (Luke, i. 52, 53).

We send up our sighs. Make us understand more the miseries of our souls. . . . Alas! only too often might the Lord address to us the reproach He makes in the Apocalypse to the bishop of Laodicea: *Thou sayest: I am rich, and made wealthy, and have need of nothing; and thou*

knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked (Apoc. iii. 17).

To thee. We send up our sighs to you with so much the more confidence, O holy Virgin, because you have yourself sighed very painfully here below. What sighs have you not sent up to heaven after the ascension of your Son? . . . With what ardour have you not sighed after the moment of your deliverance, after the day when it would be permitted you to go to join Him? . . .

Mourning and weeping. Remember, O Mary, that you have also wept and mourned on earth, when the mysterious sword of sorrow pierced your soul, and when, beholding the sufferings of Jesus, you were overwhelmed with Him by the waters of affliction. . . . O Virgin daughter of Sion! *weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks.* (Lament. i. 2.) O Mother of sorrow! O Queen of martyrs, it is to you that all who mourn and weep must come . . . for you can console them.

Mourning and weeping. May we unite our tears with yours, O Mother of Sorrows! May we weep in a holy manner, less over our corporal miseries than over the miseries of our souls! . .

Mourning and weeping. Assist us to sanctify our bodily sufferings . . . by humility, patience, resignation . . . teach us to say: *I have merited still more . . . What are these light sufferings compared to the suffering of Jesus and Mary, who have not merited them? . . . What are they in comparison to the reward they will obtain for us?* . . .

Mourning and weeping. Teach us, above all, to weep over our sins and spiritual miseries. . . . That is the true, the only subject worthy of our tears and our regrets, it is also the only evil which can be remedied by tears. . . . Obtain for us, O holy Virgin, during our whole lives that holy and blessed sadness of which your Divine Son spoke when He said: *Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted* (Matt. v. 5).

Mourning and weeping. Preserve us, O Mary, from worldly sadness, which usually causes dejection, discouragement, impatience, irritation, vexation. . . . It proceeds from disappointed ambition, wounded self-love, ungratified sensuality, temporal crosses . . . and causes the greatest injury to the soul. *Sadness has killed many* (Eccl. xxx. 25). The remedy for this sadness is an humble acceptance of the Cross of Jesus Christ.

Mourning and weeping. Preserve us also from

the joy of sinners . . . from the smiles of a senseless world, of which the Saviour speaks: *Woe to you that are filled, for you shall hunger; woe to you that now laugh, for you shall mourn and weep* (Luke, vi. 25). These worldly joys either consist in sin, or are accompanied by it. . . .

In this valley of tears. Yes, holy Virgin, such is, such ought to be this land of exile for your children: a valley of tears, a place of expiation, where they purify themselves by holy penance, in order to merit admission into the heavenly country. . . . I accept with all my heart this dispensation of Providence: I do not wish to rejoice in this world with the devil and with worldlings . . . but to remain with Jesus in the Garden of Olives, and with you, O Mary, near the Cross of my Saviour. . . .

In this valley of tears. Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be consoled even in this life ... consoled by you, O Virgin, comforter of the afflicted. Yes, by you hope, even joy, penetrates like a soft light into this dark valley, shedding a consolation sweeter than all the joys of the world, a spiritual and heavenly consolation, a foretaste of paradise. . . .

In this valley of tears. O holy Virgin, comfort

us, by reminding us that our tears, united to yours and those of Jesus, will be changed into joy . . . comfort us by teaching us to converse familiarly with Jesus, as you did yourself in your exile in Egypt. With Jesus . . .. and with you, O Mary, there is no more exile: it is paradise on earth.

TURN THEN, MOST GRACIOUS ADVOCATE, THINE EYES OF MERCY TOWARDS US.

Most gracious. We entreat with earnestness, with confidence, and with love: vouchsafe to hear us.

Advocate. Remember that being given us for a mother, you are, by the very fact itself, our advocate with your divine Son, and that we have a right to your intercession.

Most gracious Advocate. O Queen of Heaven, Mother of Christ, how powerful you are! . . . The cause which you defend is a suit gained. Remember that already on earth, at the marriage feast of Cana, you had only to say: *They have no wine*, to obtain the first, and one of his most striking miracles. . . . Ah, gracious Advocate! say a word in my favour and I shall be saved: say to Jesus that I have no faith, no patience, no charity . . . and I shall receive these celestial gifts

in abundance. *Thine eyes of mercy towards us.* Ah, this is salvation! it is life for those who are the object of this amiable attention on your part. . . . *No,* says St. Bonaventure, *He whom you look upon with love, O Mary, will never perish.* (De specul. Virg.)

Thine eyes of mercy, to behold our miseries . . . look upon them, O holy Virgin, as Jesus looked upon the poor, the sick, upon sinners, upon all the unfortunate who came to Him. . . . To look upon them is to help them: *Sanabat omnes,* He healed every one of them (Luke, iv. 40). Behold, O Mary, the deep wounds of my poor soul. . . .

Thine eyes of mercy. Turn them towards *us,* who have recourse to you with so much confidence and humility . . . towards *us,* who also turn our eyes towards our needy brethren . . . according to this word of Tobias: *Turn not thy face from the poor, and God will not turn away his face from thee* (Tob. iv. 7).

Thine eyes of mercy, so mild, so pure, so tender, so charitable. . . . They will bear into our hearts gentleness, charity, chastity. . . . Like rays from the Holy Spirit, they will

diffuse in our souls the graces of God, and will purify them from all their stains. . . .

Thine eyes of mercy. All the virtues shine in your eyes, O holy Virgin, rejoicing the heavens by their rays; but when you look down upon the earth we discover in them only mercy and compassion. . . . Mercy, O Mary, mercy for the earth, since it presents to your view nothing but misery and misfortune. . . . Oh, grant us the great grace for which we sigh. . . .

AFTER THIS OUR EXILE SHOW UNTO US THE BLESSED FRUIT OF THY WOMB, JESUS.

This is the great mercy, the great favour we ask of you, salvation in the Beatific Vision and possession of Jesus, true God, with the Father and the Holy Ghost.

After this exile, after this life, which is an exile for true Christians, restore us to our country. . . .

After this exile. This life is a time *of great tribulation* . . . a time of tears, of labours, and of great sufferings. *Then*, writes St. John, *one of the ancients said to me: These are they who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb* (Apoc. vii. 14). After the time of tribulation,

after sufferings and tears, will come joy; after labours, the reward. . . .

After this exile. This life is short, and its years glide rapidly on; but the eternity which is to follow will not pass away. Like all my predecessors I shall soon reach the term of my career . . . and like them I shall enter into the permanent habitation where I am to dwell for all eternity . . . *Ibid homo in domum æternitatis suæ.* Man shall go into the house of his eternity (Eccles. xii. 5).

After this exile. The great passage of death is consoling for true exiles . . . for the devout servants of Mary. . . . When will this moment arrive for me? . . . What shall I see on leaving this mortal body? . . . What shall I see when the veil which conceals the world of faith from my view shall be torn asunder? . . . I shall then see what I believe now . . . what I hope now. . . .

Show to us Jesus. Grant me your assistance and maternal protection during life, that at the hour of death I may merit to see Jesus as my rewarder. . . . May I see Jesus then, and in his person eternal life, the happy realisation of his promises. . . . *Behold, I come quickly*, says he, *and my reward is with me* (Apoc. xxii. 12).

Show to us Jesus. Oh, what joy when I shall see

Jesus like the Apostles after his resurrection! . . . I shall behold Him more clearly than they beheld Him in the Cenacle, and my joy will be greater than theirs. . . . *The disciples, therefore, were glad when they saw the Lord* (John, xx. 20).

Show to us Jesus. Ah, may He appear to me then, not with the rigours of his justice, but with the sweetness of his love! . . . *Mitis atque festivus Christi Jesu mihi aspectus appareat!* May Christ Jesus appear to me with a countenance full of sweetness and love! . . . (Ritual).

Jesus. Ah, now I love without seeing Him; I adore and serve Him under the veils of faith; then I shall see Him . . . and, *believing, shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and glorified* (1 Pet. i. 8).

Jesus, whom you have once seen in his humiliations . . . and whom you now contemplate in his glory. . . . Jesus, who is the delight of the elect. I shall see Him one day . . . and I shall hear from his lips these consoling words: *Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord* (Matt. xxv. 21).

The blessed fruit of thy womb. O blessed Mother, how sweet it must be for you to glorify your dear Jesus! . . . Place us, then, in heaven,

and you will glorify Him perfectly; because the salvation of our souls forms his crown of glory.

The blessed fruit of thy womb. O Holy Virgin, glorify your Divine Son by placing me amongst the number of his saints! Then there will be another voice to bless Him and celebrate his mercies during eternity. . . .

The blessed fruit of thy womb. My salvation will be secured, O Mary, if I arrive at the knowledge and love of your Divine Son. . . . Obtain for me the grace of knowing and loving Him, as you have known and loved Him yourself. . . .

O CLEMENT, O PIOUS, O SWEET VIRGIN MARY.

O Clement! Clemency, O Mary, distinguishes, you as Queen. . . .

O pious! The tenderness of maternal affection *pietas*, characterises you as Mother. . . .

O sweet Virgin! Sweetness fills your heart, which is all love, compassionate and merciful love. . . .

O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary! These qualities of your heart, O amiable Virgin, are the only titles I invoke to obtain the great favour, the

object of my prayer. . . .-Show me your Jesus, who is mine also: show Him to me in his glory. . . . Grant me this supreme grace, I implore you, O Virgin Mary, by your clemency, by your goodness, and by your maternal compassion. . . .

THE END.

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